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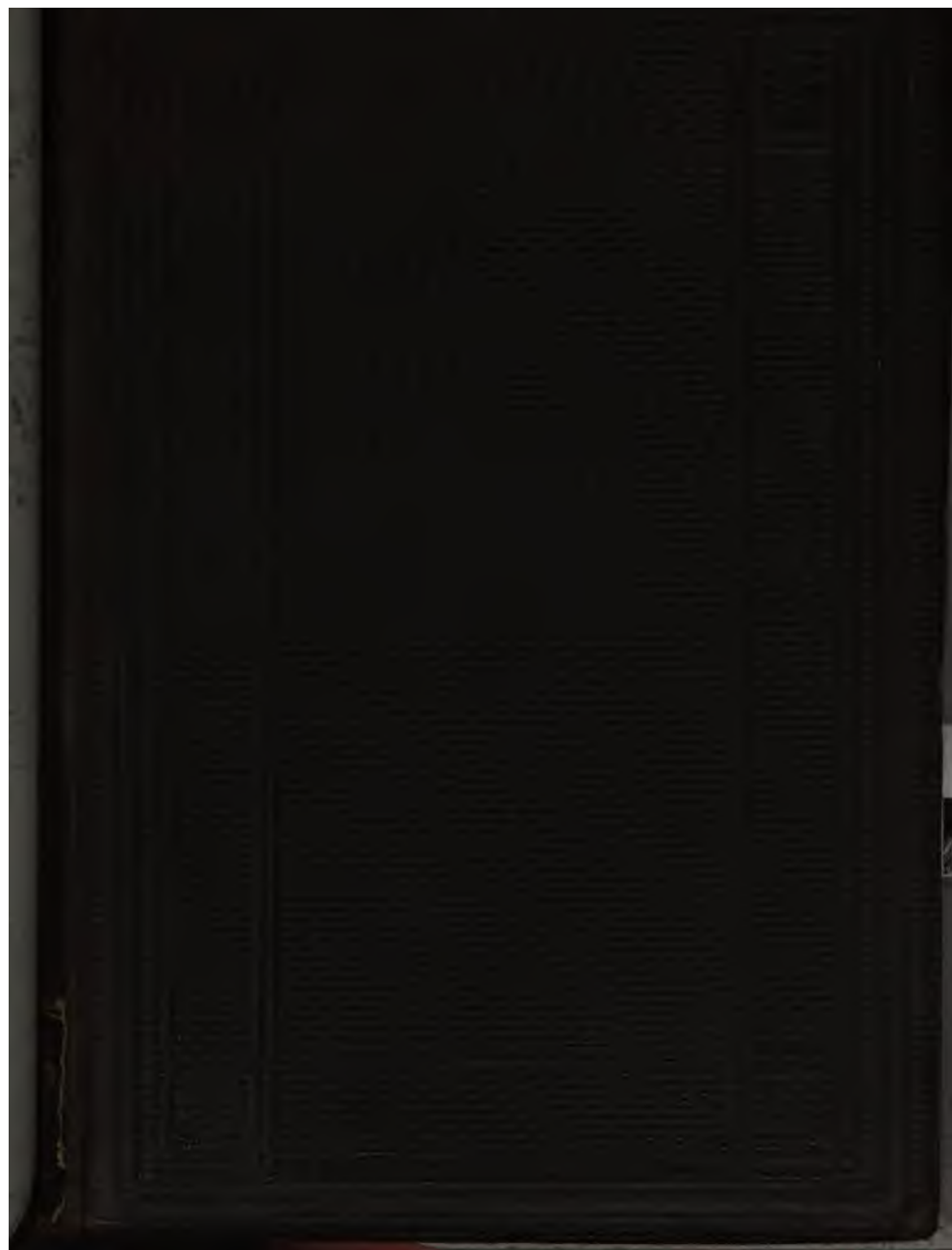
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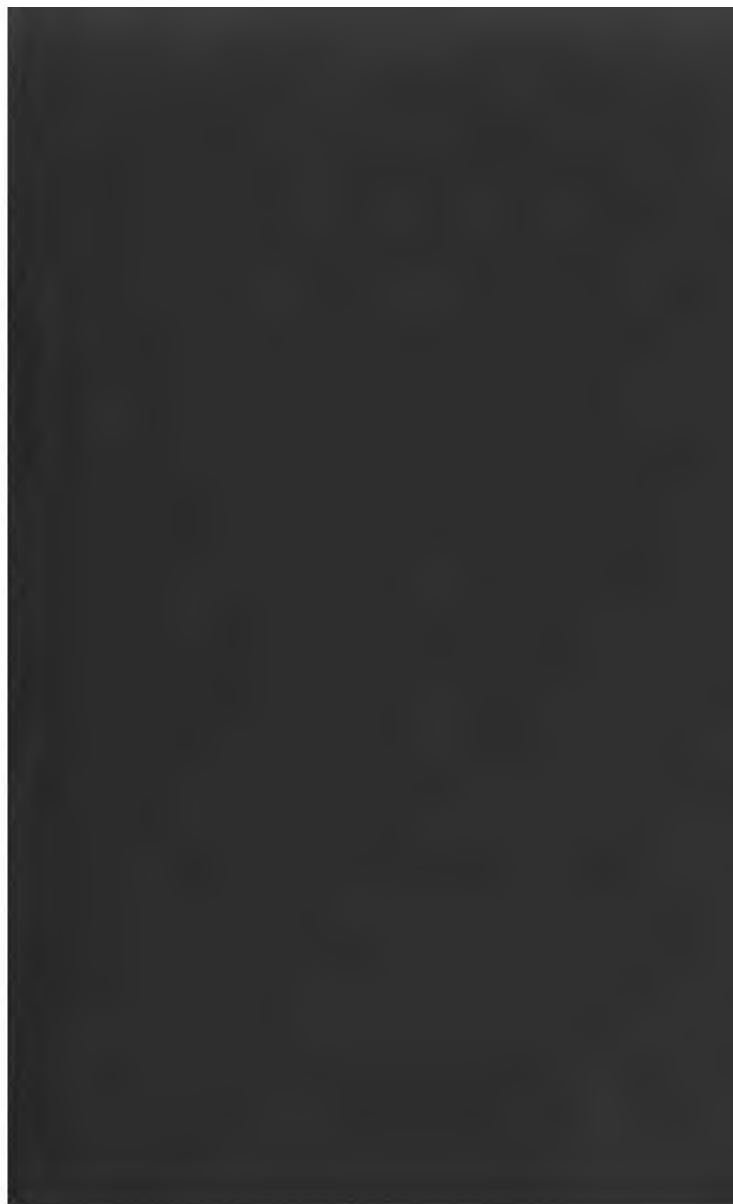
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VIA DOLOROSA
AND
HYMNS TO CHRIST AS GOD
WITH OTHER PIECES

BY
JAMES MACKAY B.D.

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EDINBURGH: T. CONSTABLE,
PRINTER TO THE QUEEN, AND TO THE UNIVERSITY.

TO
MY SUNDAY SCHOLARS
IN
AMERICA, SCOTLAND, AND THE EAST INDIES,
THESE SIMPLE VERSES
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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VIA DOLOROSA.



It is the silent midnight hour :
The armèd cruel sons of wrong
With torch and lantern steal along,
From street to street, by porch and tower.

The round full moon, lest she should seem
To favour hell's most hellish work,
By smiling where the murderers lurk,
With blackest clouds obscures her beam.

The temple of the only God
Its golden grandeur rears on high
Against that gloomy, curtained sky :
Beneath are violence and fraud.

For violence and fraud keep tryst ;
And priest, and pharisee, and scribe,
The while they mutter, scoff, and gibe,
Go forth with them to hunt the Christ.

Oh, marvel that the very stones
And timbers do not find a tongue !
Oh, marvel that no knell is rung
From Heaven's arch in thunder-tones,—

The quick destruction to proclaim
Of all the doomed of Aaron's race,
Who desecrate this holy place
By lying in Jehovah's name !

The moonbeam, struggling through the cloud,
While now they hurry o'er the street
That echoes to their guilty feet,
Reveals no conscience in the crowd.

Their leader, Judas, walks alone,
The curse upon his traitor-brow :

Oh, ruined, ruined, wretched thou !
The devil marks thee for his own.

They reach the city's lofty wall ;
They jostle through the open gate ;
Their hearts inflamed with deadly hate,
They haste as to a carnival.

Adown the valley speeds the band,
And over Kedron's angry stream,—
In which their flaring torches gleam,—
Till in Gethsemane they stand.

Within that lonely garden-ground,
That on the skirt of Olivet
Like emerald broidery is set,
The Saviour of the world is found.

There oftentimes hath He been seen
With His disciples, in the shade
Of spreading olives, which He made
So fruitful, beautiful, and green.

“ Whom seek ye ? ” speaks without disguise
The Saviour to that rabble-rout :
“ Jesus of Nazareth ! ” they shout ;
Then “ I am He,” the Lord replies.

The words are spoken, words of power---
Of power resistless : each and all
Go staggering backward, prostrate fall,
And in the Presence quail and cower.

“ Hail, Master ! ” Judas gently says,
And then salutes Him with a kiss ;---
The preconcerted signal this,
By which his Master he betrays.

“ Friend, wherefore art thou come ? ” inquires
The loving Jesus ; knowing well
The secret motives that impel
The hireling, and the Church that hires.

No answer from the traitor. There
They, armed with weapons, staff and sword,

Lay hands upon our blessed Lord,
Who for us, sinners, this did bear.

Then Peter, furious, grasps a brand
And maims one Malchus, in his zeal ;
But Christ the servant's ear doth heal
By touch of His almighty hand,

And saith to Peter, "Sheathe thy sword :
Think'st thou my Father would not send
Twelve angel-legions to befriend
The Son of man, thy suffering Lord ?

" But Holy Scripture hath foretold
That thus it must be. Can I shrink ?
This bitter cup shall I not drink,
Ordained by Him in times of old ?"

" And why these weapons of offence,
Chief priests and captains, elders, all ?
Am I a thief, that thus ye fall
On me with sons of violence ?

“ I daily in that temple taught ;
Yet laid ye not your hands on me.
This is your hour : so must it be :
The power of darkness this hath wrought.”

Then first to Annas Christ is led :
To Caiaphas he sends Him bound :
The scribes and elders there are found ;
Chief priests conspiring with their head.

And Peter followeth afar,
With whom one other trembling friend
Doth anxious come, “ to see the end.”
Now Jesus standeth at the bar.

His kingly words offend their ears.
A soldier strikes Him with his hand ;
False witnesses they all demand,
Whose perjury the high priest hears.

Now Jesus, questioned, claims to be
The Christ, the Son of God Most High.

Cries Caiaphas, "Ye hear the lie :
Why further proof? 'Tis blasphemy!"

That blind high priest doth rend his clothes.
The conclave all, as with one breath,
Condemn the Lord of Life to death,
Whom Peter soon denies with oaths.

They mock, they beat, they buffet Thee,
O loving Saviour! Menials smite,
Blindfold thy face, to vent their spite,
And, jeering, call for prophecy.

A fire is burning in the hall,
Where crouching Peter hath ignored,
Yea, thrice denied his loving Lord.
The crowing cock proclaims his fall.

Long past the solemn midnight hour,
Again the lie, that ought to scorch
His tongue, he mutters in the porch :
An oath betrays Satanic power.

Long ere the blush of Friday morn,
In Jesus' presence, he denies
All knowledge of Him ; nay, he lies
With snarling curses, feigning scorn.

While yet he speaks, a second time
He, startled, hears the accusing bird,
Whose note recalls the Master's word,
Foretelling this most hideous crime.

Now, rousing conscience where it sleeps,
The Saviour toward Peter turns,
And bends on him a look that burns.
He weeps—how bitterly he weeps !

He cannot face the holy light
That rests upon that placid brow :
Nor dares he sue for pardon now,
But hurries forth into the night.

And, like a creature full of eyes,
The howling night bewails his sin :

A storm without, a storm within,
His heart outbursts with sobs and sighs.

Of twelve elect, where are the ten ?

All faithless cowards, do they hide ?

By one betrayed, by one denied,
Their Lord is in the lions' den.

Reluctant now the tearful morn

Leads forth the sun to see a sight,

Which terrified the lingering night--
The sun's Creator sorrow-worn.

Unheralded by music meet

(The song-birds all have fled away),

From Olivet the king of day
His glory lays at Jesus' feet ;

As erst in Bethlehem orient gold

By star-led magians was poured

Before the Child whom they adored--
This Prince Divine, by saints foretold.

At daybreak meets the Sanhedrim ;
 Into their council Christ is led :
 The Church decrees His blood to shed :
Her cup is filling to the brim.

But why condemned ? The Son of man
 The Son of God assumes to be.
 This gospel they call blasphemy,
And, breathing slaughter, frame their plan.

While thus the elders, priest, and scribe,
 Profane the temple, Judas brings
 The silver pieces, which he flings
Before their feet,—the Church's bribe.

“ The guiltless blood I have betrayed,”
 Too late he whines. “ What's that to us ?
 See thou to that.” Retorting thus
They spurn the self-doomed renegade.

But, hypocrites ! how can they take
 The price of blood for sacred use ?

Such holy men can aught induce
The letter of the law to break ?

The letter? nought : the spirit? aught :
Nor light nor love hath blessed their hearts.
The traitor in despair departs,
And hangs himself, to frenzy wrought.

Then Jesus bound they lead away,
A prisoner, from the house of prayer
To Pilate's judgment-hall, and there
To Pilate's hands transfer the prey.

Bloodthirsty, black with murderous guile,
Within the hall they will not meet,
For they the Passover would eat.
That court these demons would defile !

The Roman cometh forth to them,
And saith, " Let Him be judged by you ;
Ye have a law : He is a Jew,
Then why should I this man condemn ?"

“ We may not punish crime with death :
This person calls himself a king,
And biddeth us no tribute bring
To Cæsar,” shout they in a breath.

Then Pilate, entering the hall,
Before him stands the Holy One,
The Christ of God, the Anointed Son,
Obedient to the judge’s call.

[That judge before his Prisoner’s throne
Loud-summoned to the last assize,
Each motive bare of all disguise,
His foul bloodguiltiness shall own.]

Saith Pilate to the waiting Jews,
“ I find no fault in Him at all.”
The chief priests, frantic, rail and brawl,
And vehemently Christ accuse.

But Jesus answereth not a word
(Who in the hall hath freely spoken) ;

Their naked falsehoods are a token
That malice hath such venom stirred.

To Herod next our Lord is sent,
A captive, through Jerusalem's streets,
Where not a friend the captive greets,
Whom grim fanatics circumvent.

Is this the Prince, who rode in state,
While glad hosannahs loudly rang,
And multitudes His praises sang---
The victim now of demon hate?

Yea, this is David's royal Son,
With palm-tree branches lately met
By joyous bands on Olivet :
Him now His own apostles shun.

This is the King of Israel,
Who, coming in His Father's name,
Found thieves within the temple tame,
When he forbade to buy or sell.

Who now will do Him reverence,
Of all who spread upon the way
Their garments, on that festive day?
His kingdom now is not from hence.

King Herod and his men of war
The patient victim set at nought,
Because no miracle He wrought,
Arraigned unjustly at the bar.

Nor did He answer him a word,
But by his sealed lips refused,
When scribes and worthless priests accused,
Whose hate His holy life had stirred.

Him in a gorgeous robe arrayed
They mocked, and to the judge returned.
Though enmity between them burned,
The king and Pilate friends were made.

Now, Pilate, summoning the Jews,
Again declares no fault is found

In Him whom they delivered bound,
Can Pilate, then, his power abuse ?

He will release, but first chastise,
This King, acquitted by the laws,
Yet still pursued without a cause,
And bound by priests for sacrifice !

It is his wont, they know, to free
One prisoner at their festival.
“ Away with Him ! ” enraged they bawl,
“ Barabbas we demand of thee.”

“ What will ye, then, that I shall do
With Jesus, who is called Christ ? ”
(The King at thirty pieces priced,
For envy hounded, as he knew.)

“ Let Him be crucified ! ” they cry.
“ But why ? What evil hath He done ? ”
Unanswered this ; yet every one
Cries “ Crucify Him ! Crucify ! ”

Of this just person's blood, he saith,
In water here I wash my hands,
Then (proof of innocence !) commands
To scourge, and put the Lord to death.

Their victim to the common hall
The soldiers, eager, march away,
And in a purple robe array,
Assembling first their comrades all.

A crown of cruel thorns they weave,
And place on His devoted head :
With trickling blood His brow is red.
No friend is there one sigh to heave.

A reed in His right hand they place,
And down in worship bow the knee,
(All this in mockery to Thee,
Almighty Saviour, to Thy face !)

" King of the Jews, all hail !" they cry,
And smite Him with their brutal hands,

While unresisting there He stands,
Omnipotent, yet doomed to die!

They spit on Him; they take the reed
And smite with it His bleeding head,
Till forth by Pilate He is led,
Who still for Him would intercede.

For Pilate's wife hath dreamed a dream,
And warned the waverer to abstain
From injuring the Just: in vain!
He dares not crush the priestly scheme.

With crown of thorns and purple robe
Christ now confronts them at the gate;—
That Jewish multitude, elate,
Whose malice deep the judge would probe.

“Behold the man!” he saith; but they
Cry “Crucify Him! Crucify!”
“I find no fault,” is his reply;
“So be it yours, not mine, to slay.”

“ The Son of God himself He made,
And by our law He ought to die :
Then crucify Him ! Crucify ! ”
Now Pilate is the more afraid.

Again withdrawing to the hall,
With trembling voice and anxious brow,
He saith to Jesus : “ Whence art Thou ? ”
The Saviour answereth not at all.

“ When I inquire, dost hold thy peace ?
Dost thou not know, within this hour,
I, as a judge, can use my power
To crucify Thee, or release ? ”

“ Unless 'twere given from Above,
No power couldst thou against Me wield :
The greater sin it was to yield
To hands like thine the Gift of Love.”

The Roman in his breast revolves
The wondrous answers of the Jew ;—

Still hesitating what to do :
At length to free Him he resolves.

But resolution, oh, how weak !
Too weak to brave the angry shout
Of all that multitude without :
It melts to nothing when they speak.

“ If thou let this usurper go,
Then canst thou not be Cæsar's friend :
To be a king who doth pretend
Must be the imperial Cæsar's foe.”

Their sophistry contains a sting.
He, knowing not the priceless worth
Of justice, bringeth Jesus forth,
And saith to them, “ Behold your King !

In his dishonoured judgment-seat
On Gabbatha, to please the Jews,—
No courage left him to refuse,—
He makes his perfidy complete.

The purple robe they spiteful tear
From Jesus, now a welcome prey ;
To Golgotha they lead the way,
Requiring Him his cross to bear.

Thus fiercely triumphing they meet
Cyrenian Simon. Forced to be
The bearer of the accursed tree,
He toils along the swarming street.

And, struggling through the swaying crowd,
Are women who bewail His fate :
Their testimony, tendered late,
Rings to the roofs with accents loud.

“ O Salem’s daughters ! not for Me,
But for yourselves, lament and weep,
And for your children.” Thus with deep
And solemn pathos answers He.

“ The days shall come when men shall call
The barren blessed ; when the cry

Shall be, ' O hills and mountains high,
Hide us from wrath ! Upon us fall ! ”

But not alone doth Jesus wend
His dolorous way to Calvary :
With sinners He must numbered be ;
Two thieves with Christ the mount ascend.

The Romans nail Him to the tree :
The scribes who sit in Moses' seat
Behold them pierce His hands and feet.
Complaint nor murmur utters He.

Upon His cross, above His head,
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin words,
That cut the Jews like whetted swords,
His kingly title may be read.

O blessed Jesus ! Nazarene !
King of the Jews who murder Thee !
Their crownèd King Thou yet shalt be !
Who pierced shall mourn with anguish keen.

They give Him vinegar and gall :
 He will not drink the bitter draught,
 Nor wine, nor myrrh. He knows their craft :
Him drunken, malice fain would call.

“Forgive them, Father !” Jesus prays ;
 “Forgive ! they know not what they do.”
 Their cruel hate, who thus imbrue
Their hands in blood, He thus repays.

His garments now the soldiers part,
 And for His vesture cast the lots :
 The grim centurion little wots,
O loving Saviour, who Thou art.

The passers-by revile their King ;
 Chief priests and people, soldiers, scribes,
 Assail Him with their mocking gibes,
And cruel taunts at Jesus fling.

“Who savèd others, let him save
 Himself, and from the cross descend :

The Son of God, let God befriend !"—
Thus, blinded all, they rail and rave.

Upon His right and left are seen
The reddening crosses of the thieves :
They, too, revile ; then *one* believes,
And learns on Christ his soul to lean.

" When to Thy kingdom come," he cries
In torture, " Lord, remember me !"
His Saviour answers, " Thou shalt be
To-day with me in Paradise."

Three Marys near the cross lament :
A sword hath pierced the mother's soul ;
God's waves and billows o'er her roll ;
With speechless grief her heart is rent.

When Jesus sees His mother there,—
The loved disciple, also come,
He bids provide for her a home,
Intrusts her to his filial care.

Three hours Immanuel hath bled

Upon the tree. The paschal moon

Could not eclipse the sun at noon ;

Yet darkness o'er the land is spread,

To signify that God doth hide

His face from guilty Palestine ;

That gathering storms of wrath divine

Shall soon avenge the Crucified.

Three hours of gloom appal the crowd.

“Eloi lama sabachthani?—

Why hath my God forsaken me?”

The holy Saviour cries aloud.

Elias, called, may come, they think.

He saith, “I thirst” (as one foretold,

Inspired of God in days of old) ;

They give Him vinegar to drink.

He saith, “’Tis finished !” and again

(His soul to God commending) cries :

The Saviour bows His head, and dies.
The temple-veil is rent in twain !

The earth doth quake ! The rocks are rent !
The graves are opened ! and then
The Roman captain and his men
Confess the Christ from Heaven sent.

The women, come from Galilee,
And many friends of Jesus stood
Afar off from the scene of blood,
Beholding Him upon the tree,

And all the people, far and near,
Who had come there to see the sight,
Returning now, their breasts did smite,
Filled by the dire events with fear.

“ A bone of Him shall not be broken : ”
“ On Him they pierced, they yet shall look : ”
Predictions of the Holy Book,
Were now fulfilled, as God had spoken.

It was the preparation-day :

(The spear that pierced the Crucified

Brought blood and water from His side) :

The dead must now be borne away.

Fine linen pious Joseph bought :

And Nicodemus, too, the same

Who, first by night, to Jesus came--

A weight of myrrh and aloes brought.

By Calvary a garden bloomed,

Where he, who boldly went to crave

The body, had new-hewn a grave :

There, in the rock, was Christ entombed.

The women followed, to behold

The sepulchre, and how they laid

The Master. Still two Marys stayed

After the great stone had been rolled.

The others to Jerusalem went,

Spices and ointments to prepare,

And rested on the Sabbath there.
Was gloomier Sabbath ever spent ?

The priests and pharisees that day
A watch did set, the stone did seal ;
Lest Nazarenes should come and steal
The body that in grave-clothes lay.

The round full moon rode high that night :
The Roman guard in arms were there :
Would fishermen or females dare
Attempt a rescue in their sight ?

Ere dawned the morn, the earth did quake :
An angel came and rolled away
The sealed stone !—In blank dismay
The terror-stricken guard did shake.—

His countenance like lightning gleamed ;
His dazzling robe was white as snow :
Upon the stone he sat ! and lo !
The guard, aghast, as dead men seemed.

The Lord is risen ! Three women came
With spices to embalm the dead :
But death had now been vanquishèd !
All glory to Immanuel's name !

There, rolled away, they saw the stone ;
They entered,—but the Christ was gone !
The Magdalene, to seek for John
And Peter, hurried forth alone.

Within the tomb the others stayed
Perplexed. A heavenly angel bright,
Clothed in a garment long and white,
Appeared and spake :—" Be not afraid :

" The Crucified ye seek, I know :
He is not here : see where He lay.
To His disciples haste, and say,
To Galilee the Lord will go."

Amazèd, trembling, terrified,
Yet filled with joy, they flew to tell

The tidings of what thus befel :—
He lived who had been crucified !

Then Peter ran with John, to view
The sepulchre where Christ had lain,
Whom vanquished death could not detain.
As yet the Scripture neither knew.

Home they returned. But, wrapt in gloom,
There, weeping, stood the Magdalene :
By her two angels now were seen
Within her Lord's deserted tomb ;

One at the feet, one at the head,
Where Christ had been they seated were ;
She saw them in white raiment there :—
“ Woman, why weepest thou ? ” they said.

“ Because I cannot find my Lord,
Whom they have borne away from hence.”
Moment of wonder and suspense !
She turned,—there stood the Incarnate Word !

And other women He did meet .
And bade them tell His brethren, He
Would go before to Galilee.
The women worshipped at His feet.

To Peter also He appeared ;
Taught two disciples by the way ;
And bless'd the Ten ere closed the day :
They, wondering, rejoiced and feared.

To doubting Thomas, with the Ten—
In Galilee to apostles seven,
Five hundred brethren, and the Eleven—
And James ; He showed Himself again.

Let all the world His praise proclaim !
Infallible the proofs He gave
That He had risen from the grave :
For forty days He went and came.

The Eleven heard His last commands,
Inquired their nation's destiny ;

He led them forth to Bethany,
And blessed them with uplifted hands.

And while He blessed them, as they gazed
The Lord ascended up on high ;
A cloud received Him in the sky ;
They looking heavenward, amazed.

Two white-robed angels standing near,
To them now seemingly forsaken
Announced, that He who thus was taken
Should thus again on earth appear.

They worshipped Christ, returned with joy,
And waited in Jerusalem
For gifts the Lord had promised them ;
Praise in the Temple their employ.



HYMNS TO CHRIST AS GOD.

“ MY LORD AND MY GOD.”

“ Be not carried about with strange doctrines.”—HEB. XIII. 9.

CAN it be, O blessed Saviour,
Asks my heart,—Oh ! can it be
Thou didst leave the joys of heaven,
Here on earth to die for me ?—
Here to wander, like a stranger,
On the world which Thou hadst made,
While on Thee, all pure and sinless,
Our iniquities were laid ?

Can it be, that Thy abasement,
All Thy sufferings, want, and woe,
All the shameful, cruel scourging
Thou for man didst undergo,—

All the pain and weight of sorrow
Meekly borne on Calvary,
Were the payment of my ransom,
Were indeed endured for me ?

Welcome, blessed, glorious Gospel !
Christ hath now removed the ban
Laid upon the human family,
Tasting death for every man !
None may think he was excluded ;
Triumphing, our Lord has hurled
Satan from his old dominion ;
Christ hath ransomed all the world !

Shout the tidings ! Let the power
Of this faith arouse each heart :
Let us prove that we are Christians,
And as Christians act our part.
Loving God and one another
With a pure heart, fervently,

Like a band of happy brethren

Let us dwell in unity ;

Thinking less of where we differ,

Since in this we all agree,

That, whereas while we were bondmen

Jesus died and set us free,

Now 'tis ours to work for Jesus,

That His kingdom may increase,

And to live as loyal subjects

Of the glorious Prince of Peace.

“ALL ONE IN CHRIST JESUS.”

“Of His fulness have all we received.”—ST. JOHN I. 16.

HOLY SHEPHERD ! guard Thy sheep
When we wake and when we sleep :
Wolves and lions watch for prey,
Keep us in the King's highway.

Holy Saviour ! Living Vine !
Let our life be drawn from Thine ;
Prune the branches till they bear
Heavenly fruit, divinely fair.

Holy Prophet, Priest, and King !
May Thy glorious titles bring
Confidence to trembling souls
Even when Sinai's thunder rolls.

Prince of Peace, with glory crowned !

Rose of Sharon ! Plant renowned !

Living, precious Corner-stone !

Matchless Bridegroom ! bless Thine own !

Prince of Life ! The Church's Head !

First-begotten of the dead !

Great Immanuel ! may we be

Ever one, and one with Thee !

“GRACE AND GLORY.”

“Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.”—ROM. v. 20.

GRACE abounding ! glorious tidings !

Trump of jubilee resound !

Liberty for burdened captives,

Long with iron fetters bound !

Liberty to love and serve Thee,

Blessed Lord, our joy and song,

Treading under foot, as serpents,

Secret sin and branded wrong.

Grace abounding, Hell confounding !

News from Heaven to guilty man !

Simple, wonderful, and perfect

All expedients of the plan.

Jesus Christ, our God and Saviour,
Surety, Sacrifice, and Priest,
Ever liveth, interceding,
Bidding to the Gospel-Feast.

Grace abounding heralds glory,
Blessedness by Him procured
Who for us, and our salvation,
Grief and agony endured.
Royal courts and kingly banquets,
Changing, palling, earth may boast ;
Joys eternal are awaiting
Heaven's sacramental host.

“THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.”

“Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.”—1 COR. VI. 19.

ONCE the Holy Ghost descended
Visible in tongues of flame ;
Then the guilty Jews by thousands
Bowed their hearts at Jesu's name.
They had slain the Lord of Glory,
Crucified the Anointed One ;—
Now they knew Him as their Saviour, .
Christ, Immanuel, God the Son.

Pardoned sinners felt the power
Of a captivating love,
Supernatural, sin-expelling,
God revealing from above.

Nether-millstone hearts were melted
By an inward glimpse of Christ ;
Pomps and vanities no longer
Unresisting souls enticed.

Then in Cæsar’s royal household
Spirit-taught believers prayed ;
Myriads turned from senseless idols,
Pagan craftsmen were dismayed.
O’er the mighty Roman empire
Swept the blessed living tide ;
Truth dismantling, undermining,
Razing, heathen towers of pride.

Christ hath still all power in heaven ;
Christ hath still all power on earth :
Doth our Lord forget His promise ?
Nay, not such the cause of dearth.
If we bring into His storehouse
All our tithes,—love, labour, prayer,—

Blessings poured from heaven's windows
Every waiting soul shall share.

Let us, then, with zeal untiring,
Plead our need before His throne ;
Knowing that the new creation
Is the work of God alone.
Let our portion of the vineyard
Prove our love and ceaseless care :
Working in us, working by us,
God *will* answer fervent prayer.

ALLAHABAD, 1858.

“CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.”

“He is not ashamed to call them brethren.”—HEB. II. 11.

JESUS, Elder Brother, hear !

To Thee I lift mine eye.

Sorrows reach Thy listening ear,

And move Thee throned on high—

Touch Thy tender human heart,

Where our names are all engraved,

Sharers of the better part,

Though once by sin enslaved.

Jesus, Elder Brother, hear !

To Thee my griefs are known :

All my sadness Thou wilt cheer,

Remembering Thine own.

Yet our sorrows we must bring,
Suppliant mourners, to Thy feet ;
Craving help as from a King
Upon His mercy-seat.

Jesus, Elder Brother, hear
A bruised sinner's prayer !
Wash my stains, dispel my fear,
Lift off my load of care ;
Fill my soul with thoughtful love,
Satan's work therein destroy,
Light my pathway from above,
And be my Heaven of joy !

“ HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.”

“ I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”--HEB. XIII. 5.

O LORD, my help in former days,
Can feeble words express Thy praise ?
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
My thankful heart, rejoicing, sings.

When sorrows overwhelm my soul,
And all Thy billows o'er me roll,
Where'er on earth my lot may be,
My God, my King, I'll cry to Thee.

Lead me to Thee, my Rock, my Tower !
Oh ! hide my soul from Satan's power !
Oh ! let thy banner be displayed
To make mine enemies afraid !

They whet their tongues, like sharpest swords;
They shoot their arrows, bitter words :
But Thou wilt scatter them abroad,
And show the work to be of God.

The subtle snares which they have laid
Their own destruction shall be made :
Their poisoned arrows shall return,
And in their festering bosoms burn.

Then why, my soul, art thou so sad ?
Thou with the righteous shalt be glad ;
Thy peace shall as a river be,
Thy righteousness, a mighty sea.

“ DOUBT NOT.”

“ O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt ? ”

ST. MATT. XIV. 31.

SHINE ! shine ! O Light divine, shine out !
Disperse the clouds, and put to rout
Each lingering lie, each darkling doubt,
That hides Thy truth from me.
Lord, from the depths to Thee I cry ;
Vea, from myself to Thee I fly :
Thou wouldst not that my soul should die ;
O Saviour, set me free !

Be Thy deep love my spring of joy ;
Be Thy commands my sweet employ ;
Let no deceiving lure decoy
Me from the sacred Way.

Shine into every lurking snare,
Each mesh of every net lay bare ;
And keep me with fraternal care,
Lest I be led astray.

That sin is cursèd, let me feel ;
The virtue of Thy blood reveal ;
My pardon in my conscience seal,
And melt this heart of stone.
Refine my nature ; burn the dross :
Let me count all things else but loss
Beside Thy crown-procuring cross :
Be that my trust alone !

“ HE THAT SEEKETH FINDETH.”

“I found Him whom my soul loveth.”—CANT. III. 4.

GLORIOUS Jesus ! I have sought Thee,
I have sought, and I have found :
Now I know Thy blood hath bought me—
Me, a slave by Satan bound.

Glorious Jesus ! Thou wilt own me
Though with scarlet sins defiled ;
For Thy boundless grace hath shown me
I am still a ransomed child.

Glorious Jesus ! let Thy beauty
Shine into my darkened mind ;
Then in every path of duty
Blest enjoyment I shall find.

“GIVING THANKS ALWAYS.”

“Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.”

Ps. xxxii. 7.

PRAISE to the Lord of Hosts for love
And mercy shown to me !
My heart will pay thank-offerings
Now and eternally.

I'll praise His name at early dawn ;
I'll praise His name at noon ;
I'll praise Him when the setting sun
Leaves heaven to the moon.

I'll praise Him when the solemn stars
Go wheeling round the pole
At His command, whose presence is
The summer of my soul.

I'll praise my God by day and night,
My Saviour and my Friend.
Lord, help me now in heavenly work
My earthly life to spend.

When Satan mustered all my foes
And tempted me to yield,
God's truth became a wall of fire,
His providence my shield.

He brought me to His banquet-hall ;
His banner there was love ;
Emblazoned on its ample folds
The symbol of the Dove.

And round about that scutcheon bright
In characters of gold,
I saw inscribed the victories
Achieved in days of old.

He pointed to the Table spread
With fat things and with wine ;

And now I knew that I was His,
And my Beloved was mine.

He called the north wind and the south
To blow upon me there ;
A watered garden sweetly breathed,
Perfuming all the air.

Oh ! I will praise Him while I live,
And praise Him when I die,
And join at last the white-robed choir
Around the throne on high,

Where pride or envy cannot come
The bonds of love to sever,
And all the heirs shall be at home
In joy and peace for ever.

“THE NAME OF JESUS.”

“Let us exalt His name together.”—Ps. xxxiv. 3.

HIS blessed name is ointment poured forth
That fills the house with odours rich and sweet ;
A holy oil that makes the face to shine
When all the chambers of the heart rejoice
In its abounding fragrance. From the door
And windows to the thoughtful passers-by
A sacred effluence tells of bliss within.
For where the name of Jesus dwells enshrined
In love, and throned above all powers beside,
The Spirit of the Lord doth freely shed
The oil of gladness, to anoint, perfume,
And sanctify for high and holy use
The palace once in ruins, now to be
Rebuilt, restored, and wholly glorified

By the great Master-Builder—Architect
Who reared the universe of old, and hung
As lamps beneath its dome the stars of God.
The name of Jesus ! Theme above all themes !
'Tis honey in the mouth ; 'tis melody
To listening ears ; balm to the wounded heart.
This is the name whereby He shall be called,
The Lord our Righteousness ;—our merits all
But shreds and patches, stained with dregs of sin.
His holy name alone can save. None else
Avails a trembling sinner on the brink
Of black perdition. Hast thou felt, my soul,
The deep significance that underlies
The two brief syllables of Jesu's name—
That God is holy, and that God is love ?
All highest, noblest, grandest knowledge, here
In one bright focus concentrates itself.
He came to save His people from their sins,
To vindicate a perfect law, and show
The sinner and the seraph perfect love.

He loved, and, loving, gave Himself for us.
From Bethlehem to Gethsemane He trod
The path of sorrow,—thence to Golgotha
And Calvary, where, on the accursèd tree,
He bare our sins in His own body.

God !

The Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince
Of Peace, the Father of eternity,
The Mighty God, and yet the Son of man !
My Lord ! my God ! I wonder and adore.

"SING FOR JOY."

"Making melody in your heart to the Lord."—EPH. v. 19.

LORD, I would sing a hymn to Thee
On this first day of seven,
And set it to the harmony
Of angel-choirs in heaven.

O that I had a tuneful voice
To chant such glorious lays !
In lofty music to rejoice
And celebrate Thy praise !

O that my heart were full of song,
Like some deep, noble river,
With blended sunshine poured along,
And flowing on for ever !

“THE LORD WAITING TO BE GRACIOUS.”

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”—REV. III. 20.

“To-day I must abide at thy house.”—ST. LUKE XIX. 5.

BLESSED Lord, I hear Thee knocking ;

Help me now to ope the door !

Let me give Thee joyous welcome !

I can give Thee nothing more.

Thou Thyself the feast providest ;

Lord, I wait, on bended knees :

I have nothing—Thou hast plenty,—

“Fat things, wines upon the lees.”

Enter, enter, glorious Jesus !

Welcome ! never more depart :

Enter, though I am unworthy,

Take possession of this heart.

Cleanse me, Lord, from all corruption,
Every tainted thought expel ;
Make my soul a holy Bethel
Where Thou wilt delight to dwell.

Can it be, Thou hast invited
Me to sup this night with Thee ?
Can it be that Thou hast offered
Now to come and sup with me ?

Even so, my God, I read it ;
Yes, I take Thee at Thy word :
Let me now enjoy Thy presence,
Now fulfil Thy promise, Lord.

Grant me soul-enriching blessings
From Thy treasure-house above ;
All the graces of Thy Spirit,
Priceless tokens of Thy love.

“LOOKING UPWARD.”

“I will make the dry land springs of water.”—ISA. XLII. 18.

LORD, from the Fountain send
Some sweet refreshing streams ;
Let us no longer spend
Our strength in empty dreams.

Lord, let Thy Word revive
The desert in each heart ;
And help us when we strive
To choose the better part.

Let earthly care and grief
As clouds now disappear ;
Thy sunshine brings relief
To spirits darkened here.

Thy blessing now bestow ;
Light, life, and strength afford :
And henceforth let us go
Rejoicing in the Lord.

GHAAZEPPORE, 1857.

“ THE DAYSPRING.”

“ Till the day break, and the shadows flee away.”—CANT. II. 17.

SUNSHINE gone !
Sunk in night !
When will dawn
Bring welcome light ?

I will sing
David's song.
Wing ! take wing,
Spirits of wrong !

Music sweet
Mocks your ear :
Groans more meet
For fiends to hear.

Love is light :
Darkness, flee !
Angels bright
Encamped I see.

Day begun,
Joy impart :
Holy Sun,
Light up my heart !

Thou wilt give
White array :
Let me live
A child of day !

“ HIS WONDERS IN THE DEEP.”

“ Be of good cheer : it is I : be not afraid.”—ST. MATT. xiv. 27.

OH, bid me come to Thee
Across the stormy wave !
Since Thou art near, I will not fear
Although the tempest rave.

Dost Thou, then, bid me come ?
I come ! I come to Thee !
Thy kingly word, Almighty Lord,
Can calm the angry sea.

Still howls the boisterous wind :
Oh, let the billows bear
My trembling feet, till Christ I meet,
Who hath me in His care !

O thou of little faith !

Why didst thou doubt, my soul ?

Thy Saviour stands with outstretched hands :

What though the billows roll ?

Yea, let them rage and swell,

Like hungry lions leap,

And roar and chafe, I shall be safe !

The Christ is on the deep !

“THOU OPENEST THINE HAND.”

“In Him dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead.”—COL. II. 9.

JESUS, Lord, Thou Son of David,
Wretched, poor, and blind am I,
Helpless, hungry, cold, and naked ;
Hear me, Saviour, when I cry !

Give me, wretched, joy and gladness ;
Let me, poor, be rich in Thee ;
Lighten Thou my dreary darkness ;
Lord Almighty, succour me !

Feed my soul with Bread from heaven,
Warm my heart with love divine ;
Cover me with kingly raiment,
Clean and white,—for I am Thine !

What to me the wealth of nations ?

All, without Thy favour, dross :

Yea, I count it less than nothing ;

Godless gain, eternal loss.

“I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.”

“I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation.”—2 COR. VII. 4.

LORD, my strength in all temptation,

Let me feel Thy guiding hand :

Jesus, Captain of salvation,

Lead me to the promised land !

Never can my soul surrender,

While in Jesus I confide :

Dear, omnipotent Defender,

Let me in Thy camp abide !

Thou hast promised, Thou hast spoken ;

I am never left alone :

Never can Thy word be broken,

Never wilt Thou leave Thine own.

Winged legions are around me,
Crooked children of the night :
But no terrors need confound me,
I am ever in Thy sight.

While my pilgrim feet are burning,
In the desert hot and bare,
Let mine eyes be ever turning
To the cloudy Pillar there !

In the darkness, cold and dreary,
Am I now forsaken ? No !
From my tent, awake though weary,
I can see that Pillar glow ;—

Cheering, glorious, fiery token,
That the holy Lord is near ;
That His promise, never broken,
Hath a bright fulfilment here.

“CHRIST COMETH.”

“Unto us a Child is born.”—ISA. IX. 6.

“Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time.”—HEB. IX. 28.

HE comes, who made the heavens, the earth, the
sea,

And all that is therein ! He comes to save
The human race !—to set the prisoners free,
To conquer Satan, and divest the grave
Of every terror ! He, whose fiat gave
Its mould and beauty to each rolling world,
Hath come to pay the ransom for the slave !
Messiah's banner soon shall be unfurled,
And Satan, writhing, from his throne be hurled

He comes ! the angels audibly rejoice !

Let all mankind repeat the gladsome strain :

Let Gentile nations loudly lift their voice,
For long in Pagan darkness have they lain.
The Prince of Life again shall come to *reign*:
The Sun of Righteousness ere long shall shine
On every people. He will not disdain
To welcome now, and bless with grace divine
Each loving heart that hails with joy the grand
design.

“SURELY I COME QUICKLY !”

“The Lord shall yet comfort Zion, and shall yet choose
Jerusalem.”—ZECH. i. 17.

THE Lord shall comfort Zion : He
Shall fill her homes with melody :
Her desert shall a garden be :
Zion, rejoice !

Salvation surely now is nigh
To them that fear the Lord Most High.
Is God a man that He should lie ?
Lift thy glad voice !

Thou, Lord, for ever art the same,
Though passing worlds be wrapt in flame,
And, like a wreck, the starry frame
To pieces fall.

Like smoke the heavens *shall* pass away ;
Earth, like a garment, shall decay ;
And, as a vesture changèd, they
 Shall vanish, all.

O arm divine, awake ! awake !
Put on thy strength for Zion's sake,
As when Thou didst the nations shake
 In ancient days.

Didst Thou not dry the rolling sea,
That for the ransomed there might be
A way from bonds to liberty ?
 To God the praise !

Why, then, should Zion's children mourn ?
They all redeemed shall yet return ;
And love in every heart shall burn
 To Christ the Lord :

Eternal joy upon their head ;
All former griefs forgotten, dead,
Like morning clouds for ever fled ;
 The lost restored !

“EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.”

“Lo! this is our God : we have waited for Him.”—ISA. xxv. 9.

AWAKE! it is the morn!
Messiah, virgin-born,
Returns with angel-train
With saints on earth to reign!
Awake! across the sea
The world's great jubilee
Doth echo to the sky;
And downward from on high
Such notes responsive swell
As shake the gates of hell.

Awake! the bride so scorned,
With grace divine adorned,

Doth mystically wed
The Firstborn of the dead.
Awake ! the Lord hath spoken !
The silences are broken !
The canopy of blue
Is parting in our view :
Through Heaven's open door
All Heaven's light doth pour.

Awake ! on glowing clouds
Behold descending crowds,
All radiant with delight,
All shining in their might,
With robes of holy white,
With panoply of light.
Bless God ! 'mong saints renowned,
Behold with glory crowned
Our loved ones gone before !
Bless God for evermore !

Chorus—

Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

Hallelujah ! living Word !

Hallelujah ! second birth

Of our groaning, spell-bound earth !



OTHER PIECES.



TRUTH.

TRUTH sounds his clarion in a deaf world's ear,
And sheathes his glittering broadsword to the hilt
In slippery Falsehood armèd to the teeth.
He hath set the torch to many a funeral pile
Of lies defunct, whose fetid ashes fill
The crypts and catacombs of Demon-dom.
To see a prosperous lie grow pale, and writhe
Beneath his iron grasp, begging its life,
And spitting venom with its latest breath,
The black sweat reeking on its coward brow,
Quivering paralysis upon its tongue,
The rattle in its foul and loathsome throat—
Oh! 'tis a sight that makes the devils tremble,
While Virtue shouts her pæans to the stars
And crowns the victor with eternal bays.

THE FIRE-FLIES AND THE MOON.

A COLONY of fire-flies

 All shining in a tree,
Each with its lantern sailing,
 Was beautiful to see.

I paused beneath the branches,
 And marvelled at the lights
Whose glow-worm phosphorescence
 Adorns our tropic nights.

In labyrinthine mazes
 They wheeled and whirled around,
The highest of them soaring
 The tree's height from the ground.

Though Hindoo transmigration
 Had never charms for me,
Methought some German critics
 Lit up that ancient tree.

No doubt the glittering insects,—
 Each tiny twinkling fly,—
Beheld themselves more splendid
 Than pleiads in the sky.

And myriads of mosquitos—
 Those children of the night—
Came drifting through the darkness,
 Half-crazy with delight.

A stranger to their language,
 I wearied of their singing,
But understood their raptures
 Translated into stinging.

I smarted from their venom,
 When lo ! the rising moon

Shone broadly through the branches,
Which met with smiles the boon.

Among the flickering fire-flies
A moonbeam found its way ;
They beat about for darkness
In perilous dismay ;

And where the leaves were thickest,
And in the deepest shade,
Kept up their *gaudeamus*,
Of light alone afraid.

By searching moonbeams hunted,
From branch to branch they fled.
At length I heard a whisper ;
Methought sweet Luna said—

“ If now your lights are paling
Where even I appear,
How can you front the day-king
Who will anon be here ?

“ Be humble in your tree top,
And know you are but flies ;
Entomologic lamplight,
When touched by sunshine, dies.”

I passed the tree ere daybreak,
The flies were lingering there,
And myrmidon-mosquitos
A-buzzing through the air.

The moon was marching grandly
(Great stars her chosen train)
And covering with splendour
The mountains and the main.

LAST NIGHT.

I LAY awake. A funeral wail
Came echoing over hill and dale.
No sleep for me! The doleful sound
An answering chord within me found,
As fitfully it rose and fell,
More sad, more touching than a knell.
I had been dreaming of the dead :
They lived and moved around my bed :
Old friends I loved in former years
Were gathered round me, drowned in tears.
They thought me dying ; and I saw
The doctor silently withdraw,
With such a look as plainly told
I soon must lie in churchyard mould.

It seemed a home-like summer day,
A rainy afternoon in May.
The air was sweet with early flowers,
Bright sunshine glorified the showers,
And cheered the open-windowed room,
Gilding with hope its curtained gloom.
But presently my sight grew dim,
I heard the first notes of a hymn,
*"Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night when Thou art near."*
I felt my sister close mine eyes
(A loved one long in Paradise),
"Receive his spirit, Lord !" she sighed,
And then and there methought I died.

More swift than light I soared afar
Beyond created sun and star :
There waited eagerly to hear
Angelic music bless mine ear ;

Celestial splendours to behold,
The pearly gates and streets of gold ;
Immortal joys with saints to share ;
A heavenly robe and crown to wear ;
When lo ! the doleful funeral strain
Came sounding over hill and plain !
Alas ! my busy-idle brain !

“ THY WILL BE DONE.”

My life a plan of God,
Conceived and mapped by Thee !
Then let my glory be
To work out joyfully
The parts of it I see.

Oh ! guide me hour by hour !
My will I would resign ;
Let all Thy will be mine,
And help me, line by line,
To trace the plan divine.

Alas ! too long I toiled
Unhelped, unblessed, alone,
On projects of my own.

The crops that thus were sown
Have to the winds been blown.

Thank God, that I have failed
Wherever I was wrong !
In Thee I would be strong,
To Thee I would belong,
From Thee derive my song.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Who is passing by ? 'Tis Jesus !

Lo ! He standeth still !

Can He cure that beggar's blindness ?

Yea, He can, and will.

Where that eager crowd is pressing,

Christ will give him light.

"What wilt thou that I should grant thee?"

"Lord, my sight ! my sight !"

"Go thy way ; thy faith hath saved thee :"

(They that seek shall find.)

Christ hath cured the helpless beggar,

Now no longer blind.

Sinner, *thou* art blind by nature :

Jesus passeth by :

Plead with Him, the Son of David :

He will hear thy cry.

Standing still, the Lord will answer,

Saving by His might,

Sorrow turning into gladness,

Darkness into light.

REUNION.

LOVING hearts, though here, divided,
Far in distant lands we roam,
In the House of many mansions
All shall ever be at home.
Happy home ! O God, prepare
Each of us to praise Thee there !

Here we look for various fortunes ;
High or low our lot may be ;
There we all shall share together
Boundless riches, Lord, in Thee ;—
Riches which Thy Word insures
While eternity endures.

Here our youthful features wither,
Strangers grown, we meet in tears :
There we shall be young for ever,
Never burdened with our years,
Never from each other parted,
Sick, nor feeble, nor down-hearted.

Here the circle soon is broken,
One by one is called away :
There the missing ones will welcome
To the glorious land of day,
To the heavenly world of song,
Us who seem to linger long.

Far from home and all my kindred,
In this island near the Line,
Be such thoughts my sweetest solace
While in exile here I pine !
Be such hopes the oil of gladness
Lighting up my hours of sadness !

THE PATH OF THE JUST.

“ The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more
and more unto the perfect day.”

’Tis a pathway of light for the weary and worn
Who into the kingdom of light have been born.
Then leave we the darkness : oh, let us arise
And journey as children of day to the skies !

Our Shepherd will lead us, our God and our Guide ;
He watches our footsteps and walks by our side.
The light is increasing, as upward we wend ;
He helpeth us now, He will help to the end.

On Him let us lean. His omnipotent arm
Will keep us from falling, and shield us from
harm :

Though often we stumble and faint by the way,
It brings us at last to the region of day.

GOD'S OWN GOOD TIME.

“ Wait on the Lord : be of good courage, and He shall strengthen
thine heart.”

WAIT on the Lord, believer, wait ;
His answer never cometh late.
Put thou His promise to the test,
God's own good time is always best.

Good courage, pilgrim ! be thou brave ;
The Lord of heaven will surely save :
His sacred word thy God will keep,
Though down in dust thy body sleep.

Since thou dost choose the better part,
He will give strength unto thine heart,
Will nerve thee for the final strife,
And crown thee with eternal life.

THE WORLD-IDOL.

SELF is a living idol still,
Crowds in her temple bow.
Self hath won over free-born Will ;
Will is her vassal now.

Self is enthroned on heaps of spoil,
Offerings of rich and poor.
Self is a tyrant : nations toil—
Sweat for this blackamoor.

Self is veiled in an inner shrine,
Deep in a darksome place.
Self is the devil's concubine,
None may behold her face.

Self is the queen of Babylon,
Ay, and the queen of hearts :

Self is the sharer of his throne
Who is a Master of Arts.

Self hath attendants, titled high,
Bending before her feet.
Self hath instructed them to lie,
Roll up their eyes, and cheat.

Self hath her worshippers where none
Worship the only God :
Self can produce a thousand, to one
Christian, at home and abroad.

Gods by the hundred million throng
Into the Hindoo's creed :
This is denounced as very wrong,
And it is sad indeed.

But there is something sadder still
Under the western skies,—
Something, methinks, that ought to fill
Christian thoughts and eyes.

Self, with her cloven-footed spouse
Poising his ready dart,
Dwelleth at home in every house,
Almost in every heart.

Hindoo idols are dead—are dead !
Self is a monster living :
Ho ! ye iconoclasts ! break her head !
Be not to Self forgiving !

Ho ! for a heart-to-heart crusade !
Self must be hunted down :
Out of the world let us rout the jade,
Spoiled of her stolen crown !

SECRETS OF THE REALM.

“Secret things belong unto the Lord.”

“It is happy for me that God makes me of His court, though not of His council.”—BISHOP HALL.

A BEGGAR at the palace-door
Admitted as a guest,
And with the servants entertained
To all things of the best :

A servant trusted in the house,
In favour with the King,
Commanded daily to the throne
My every prayer to bring :

No longer now a servant called,
But honoured as a friend,
Entitled at the royal court
A happy life to spend :

Nay more, adopted as a son,
In princely robe arrayed,
Secure of an inheritance
By kingly oath conveyed :

Shall I, a beggar, thus advanced
A royal heir to be,
Complain that secrets of the realm
Are not revealed to me ?

Oh, let me rather worthy walk
Of this my high estate,
And thank the King I was not left
To perish at His gate !

OUR KINGLY HOME.

THE Christian often dwells apart,
Yet doth he never dwell alone ;
For God is ever near His own,
Communing with the pure in heart.

The weary, toilworn pilgrim sings,
When from afar he sights the goal ;
For he hath music in his soul,
That bears him up on eagles' wings.

To walk with God, is to be wise :
We bear a life that cannot end :
What bliss to find in Him a Friend
Whose love shall live when nature dies !

For saints the seeds of life are sown ;

 Eternal sunshine they shall reap.

 The soul, immortal, cannot sleep,

But ever shall behold the throne,

And God enshrined in human form,

 Whose fiat rules the angel-throng,

 Whose Name is first in every song,

Where darkness ne'er intrudes, nor storm.

The city and the palace-towers

 Through dust and smoke cheer simple faith ;

 And, by the iron gate of death

That leads thereto, the way is ours.

And though there be some spot of earth

 Endeared to us by human love,

 A kingly home prepared above

Is ours as heirs by nobler birth.

We would not alway linger here,

 Far from the realms of love and joy :

Our purest earthly pleasures cloy,
And make our prospects doubly dear.

Yes, even in our happiest hours,
There is a blank earth cannot fill :
We stand beside a threadlike rill ;
The river rolls by heavenly bowers.

THE REPLY.

'Tis a theme for mournful numbers :

Life must be a fatal dream,

If the soul in darkness slumbers,

Christ omitted from our scheme.

Though thy work-day life be earnest,

If some phantom is the goal,

When thou to the dust returnest,

Second death awaits thy soul.

Though thou act, that each to-morrow

Finds thee farther than to-day,

Yet it may be, man, that sorrow

Is thy destined end and way.

Tedious art and moments fleeting
Sadden not the truly brave ;
Christians, at their glorious meeting,
Live and learn beyond the grave.

Rather be dumb driven cattle,
Than ignore our higher life,
Rushing godless into battle,
Single-handed in the strife.

Lives of good men all remind us
God can make our lives sublime :
Otherwise, we leave behind us
Wrecks upon the sands of time.

Wrecks—not trophies—mark, my brother—
Waifs too often seen in vain—
Burning beacons, which to smother
Is to earn the curse of Cain.

Men may work and wait for ever,
Toiling early, toiling late,

May be earnest, patient, clever,
And, like stoics, dare their fate :

But if here we have our portion,
If *our* glory we pursue,
Every scheme is an abortion,
Dry-rot lurks in all we do.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

I AM the Way,

Wanderers,—to the nightless land ;
Mourners,—to the angel-band ;
Rebels,—to the King's right hand ;
Lost,—to all things good and grand.

I am the Truth ;—

Truth, to lead a blinded race ;
Truth, revealed by love and grace ;
Truth, for all men to embrace ;
Truth, transcending time and space.

I am the Life ;—

Heaven-descended Living Bread ;
Heaven-accepted Life-blood shed ;
Heaven's First-born from the dead ;
Heaven's King, the Church's Head.

WARFARE.

“What I would, that do I not.”

I WOULD turn my thoughts to God,
I would sun myself in His love ;
But the world and the devil drag me down
When I try to soar above.

I would humbly walk with God,
Like Enoch and saints of old ;
But I daily stray, like a wandering sheep,
Away from the holy fold.

I would hear the voice of God
When the lamp in His temple shines ;
But mine eyes are heavy, mine ears are dull,
And I miss the heavenly signs.

I would prize the grace of God
More highly than mountains of gold ;
But when I would thank Him with all my heart,
That heart is icy cold.

On the perfect law of God
I would meditate day and night ;
But my feet are stumbling in the dark,
And I cannot find the Light.

I would stand with the trees of God
By the deep and sacred stream ;
But my leaves are withering in the drought,
And the blossoms blighted seem.

I would give myself to God,
My body, and soul, and mind ;
But babes in Christ are pressing before
Me lingering far behind.

THE PRESENTIMENT.

O MELANCHOLY wind ! thy voice is sad
And breathes a tone that lingers on the chords
Of this poor trembling heart, erewhile so glad
That all its gladness burst my feeble words.
O melancholy wind ! thou comest far
From that dear island in the Northern Sea,
Where, girt about by hills, my kindred are,
And friends who looking westward think of me.

Is it the mind that sheds a hue of gloom
On all without, when sorrow brings it low ?
Or do externals lay aside their bloom,
As if by sympathy to soothe our woe ?
No beauty lives in all the varied earth,
No vision to beguile the mournful thought
Of one who loved me,—of a friend whose worth
Is never found where friendship may be bought.

O melancholy wind ! how can I bear

To hear thee moan, as if thou hadst a tale
Of home, and solemn griefs preparing there

Of which thou canst but whisper in thy wail ?
Wilt thou not sing to me that all are well ?

Let one blythe note come gaily in reply :
Are any ailing ? Tell me, kindly tell !—

Ah ! dost thou answer by that wretched sigh ?

How true, that evil tidings travel fast !

(Alas ! another low lugubrious whine !)

O that this dread presentiment were past !

A shadow chills where sunny hope did shine.
Yet will I trust in Him whom winds obey,
And in a simple faith find sweet relief :

The darkest hour of night is near the day ;
The tide of joy will smooth all trace of grief.

PSALM LXI.

Oh, hear my cry, and let my prayer

Unto Thy throne ascend !

To my petition, Lord, I know

Thy gracious ear will bend.

And when my heart is overwhelmed,

Afar in foreign lands,

Oh, lead me upward to the Rock

That in the desert stands ;

Whose lofty summit shines in heaven

Above the earth-born clouds ;

Within whose clefts I have been hid

From shafts of hostile crowds.

Within this glorious Tower of strength
All needful things abound ;
And here, beneath Thy spreading wings,
I ever would be found.

Then to Thy ever-blessed Name,
My God, I'll praises sing ;
My vows to Thee I'll strive to keep,
My Saviour and my King.

GOD OR CHANCE?

JEHOVAH reared the pillars that uphold
The sky, at sunset hung with cloth of gold,
Whose galleries, curtained with the darkness, rise
All crowded with ten thousand starry eyes,
That aye with curious wonder seem to glow,
As if they yearned our destiny to know.

Or can it be, those bright and eager eyes,
Now beaming as from thrones in Paradise,
To us the mystery shall yet reveal
Of Providence---a wheel within a wheel---
And that the circling universe shall prove
To be the "dreadful rings"* with eyes of love?

* Ezekiel i.

Some think that sleeping Chance's brain did teem
The universe, a vast almighty dream !
That suns and systems, far in space that throng,
Are minims, crotchets, quavers, of a song
Which did compose itself, to pass the time,
And wake with music solitude sublime.

The Milky Way is but a lengthy measure
Of florid counterpoint, which Chance at pleasure
Extemporized—oh, very long ago !—
Upon an organ mighty hard to blow.
But who was then at hand to work the bellows,
The idolaters of Chance forget to tell us.

The Nebulæ, 'tis thought, are new-laid eggs
Where banished Chaos, fed upon the dregs
Of outside matter, made a hasty nest
And hatched a few, abandoning the rest,
As Law and Order chased the cackling bird
'To realms from which no news has yet been heard.

Profound philosophers ! Ye are the wise,
And, when ye die, all human wisdom dies !
Your grave the sepulchre of wit and worth
And all that dignifies this lower earth !
For who on earth is worthy to inherit
The gowns of seers of such transcendent merit ?

JACOB'S DREAM.

FORTH he went from Beërsheba---

He the chosen of the Lord,
Not with earthly armour girded,
Not with helm, and shield, and sword,

Not with bands of warrior-horsemen
Hied the pilgrim on his way,
Not with stirring sound of trumpet
Hostile squadrons to dismay ;

But alone and unattended,
Save by angels from the sky,
With an aged father's blessing,
In the strength of God most High.

'Mid the blazonry of cloudland,
On his cushions fringed with gold,

Sank the royal sun to slumber,
Lost in many a crimson fold.

Not so softly fared the pilgrim ;
Darkness curtained him around ;
Gathered stones his only pillows,
And his couch the dewy ground.

Yet poor Jacob slept as soundly,
Humble though his bed might seem,
As if lodged in tented splendour ;
And he dreamed a glorious dream.

Lo ! from earth arose a ladder,
Fitly framed of glittering light,
And its top did reach to heaven,
As he gazed in vision bright.

White-robed angels were ascending
And descending on its rounds ;
And he saw the Lord above it,
And he heard the thrilling sounds

Of a promise great and solemn,

Spoken by his father's God,

That to him and his was given

All the land on which he trod ;

That his countless children's children

There should find a place of rest ;

And that all the human family

In his Seed should yet be blest.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THAT lighthouse, founded in a rock,
Defies the tempest's thundering shock.
The silent lamp shines calm and clear,
Night after night, throughout the year.

The sailor hails the steady light
Which puts his doubts and fears to flight :
He knows his bearings, trims his bark,
And steers right onward through the dark.

The watchman in his airy dome
Attends the lamp, and makes his home
A radiant star to all at sea,
In whose horizon it may be.

“ God slumbers not,” he says, “ ’tis mine
To do my duty and to shine,
Though now, perhaps, no human eye
My friendly lantern may descry.”

Keep, Christian, thy reflector bright :
Some darkened soul may cross the night
Unseen by thee, by thee may steer,
And bless thee, when thou canst not hear.

“ OUR FATHER.”

FATHER of mercies and Friend of the needy,
Fountain of goodness, I turn me to Thee.
Thou art unsleeping, a sinner is weeping,
Pity the prodigal—smile upon me.

Angels of light were created to love Thee ;
Higher enjoyment *they* cannot conceive :
Theirs be my treasure, and bliss without measure ;
Teach me to love Thee : help me to believe.

Far from the house of my Father I've wandered,
Cisterns I've hewn that no water can hold :
Wells of salvation—oh, sweet consolation !—
Now reveal blessings more precious than gold.

All the defects of my love Thou wilt pardon,
All my excess in the pleasures of sense,
Freely receiving a sinner believing—
Trusting in Jesus, our only Defence.

THE CONVALESCENT.

THANK God for solitude ! These clustering hills,
At morn and even crowned with green and gold,
Are now society enough for me
And her, my other, dearer, better self,
Of human creatures weary. Here I breathe,
And dance, and shout, and sing, and wear old
clothes,
Without restraint, a freeman. Here, beneath
The aisles of sylvan groves, the mated birds,
Their orisons and vespers sing to God.
By shaded brooks I see the wild-flowers bloom,
And leafy families of seeded ferns
Array the steeps with verdure. Here I feel
The breezes hastening upward from the sea,

With perfume sweetened, fan my hollow cheek,
And feed with strength my jaded, famished blood.
No wrangling here disturbs my peaceful day,---
Each, wavelike, lifts me onwards nearer home.
No jealousies invade my dreamless sleep--
It closes round me, like the voiceless night.
No soured ambition frets my franchised heart,
Like hair-shirt of unwholesome anchorite.
But calm, contented, thankful, I enjoy
This island-paradise of mountain tops,
This humming wilderness of tropic wealth,
This resting-place halfway from earth to heaven.

INDIA.

In heaven the blessed stars
On earth the wood-fires blaze;
And I wander forth in the Indian night,
On the witching scene to gaze.

Before me a tope of trees,
Around me a stratum of smoke,
And children, as naked as when they were born,
Enjoying some practical joke.

Laugh on, little darkies, laugh :
Your time to laugh, it is now ;
And your time to weep cometh soon enough,
And under the yoke to bow.

Your mothers are grinding corn ;
Your fathers are baking bread ;
And their shadows are flitting about like ghosts,
With the mangos overhead.

And laughter with them is rare,
Or of joy a passing gleam ;
For fancy is crushed by incessant toil,
And the weary cannot dream.

Five thoughts are the mental stock
Of a hundred million souls ;—
Kooch, khana, and pice, hubble-bubble, and sleep,
And a grave where the Ganges rolls.

And woman is here a slave,
Down-trodden in the dust ;
A bearer of burdens, a hewer of wood,
And the toy of unbridled lust.

Yet once there were gifted men,
The boast of this ancient land ;

And science, and letters, and manifold art,
Were endowed with a lavish hand.

But alas for the idol-fane !

And alas for the prophet's lie !

The spirit is starved, and the shrivelled heart
Is aching, it knows not why.

I wander about in the tope,

And they tremble to see me tread

By the sacred spots where they sit on their heels,
Half-naked, baking bread.

CARTOONS.

THE GARDEN.

AH ! there is Paradise ! and this the tree
Whose fruit forbidden seemed to Eve so sweet,
So fresh, so tempting. See ! she reaches forth
Her little snow-white hand to pluck it down.
Alas ! fair creature, mother of us all,
Thou knowest not that sighs, and tears, and groans,
And tongueless woes must now thy portion be.
Thy glistening eyes and parted lips betray
The fatal eagerness of sin begun—
Sin that shall scorch thy heart, and wither all
The flowering virtues of thy radiant soul,
Enshrined in beauty, moulded by His skill
Whose work is perfect.

From a sunny slope
Thy trustful partner calmly looks abroad
On his dominion,---Eden and the world :
In frequent converse with a present God,
And stintless plenitude of earthly gifts,
Foretasting endless joys with thee and thine.
A royal lion and a lioness
In sportive gambols play around his feet,
As, half-reclined upon the velvet sward,
He listens to the river flowing by,
The warbling birds, and soft sweet-scented breeze
That whispers love to every trembling leaf
Among the olives, laurels, vines, and palms.

Far to the right and left, the varied bloom
Of tropic-plants embroiders every rood
Of all the landscape. On the river's brink
The nodding flowers that fringe its devious course
Stoop to behold their many-jewelled crowns
Reflected in the stream, which creeps along
As if 'twould linger 'mid a scene so gay,

And make the borrowed splendours all its own.
Beyond the grassy couch where Adam rests,
Upon his right arm leaning—uplands rise
In undulating swell ; and sylvan shades,
Where dark-eyed fountains woo the fleet gazelle,
Stretch onward to the hills, which compass round
The land of Eden on the north and east.

Here all delights prepared for man abound ;
Obedience the law of happiness ;
Communion with his God his daily joy ;
Connubial love the bond of sympathy
Between the godlike pair. Alas ! how soon
The vision fades, and primal loveliness
Is marred by sin and sorrow ! Mother Eve
Will taste that fruit : her husband, too, will eat.
Then self-condemned and God-forsaken, both
Must leave this happy home to earn their bread
By toil and sweat. The serpent hath beguiled,
Death hovers o'er a world by sin defiled.

THE EXILES.

What have we here ? A mother and her child !
'Tis Eve with Cain, her first-born, at her breast.
The tiny fingers of one hand are lost
Among her auburn tresses, intertwined.
His bright blue eyes look up into her face,
As, pausing, he withdraws his lips to smile ;
And she returns with love, and wonder too,
His upward gaze. The light hath never shone
Upon a babe till now. This miniature
Of man stirs up within the mother's heart
Emotions new, delightful, passing strange ;
And sorrow is forgotten in her joy.
She sits upon a freshly-gathered heap
Of rushes, at the entrance of a cave,
Their only shelter from the coming storm.
Innumerable thorns and thistles curse
The barren plain ; and prowling beasts of prey
Are lurking in the tangled underwood.

These Adam eyes with dread. Returning home
With sheaves of yellow corn upon his back,
He plods his way across the stony soil,
The trickling sweat upon his anxious brow ;
And hastens ere the clouded sun be set
To lay the hard-earned produce of his toil
Within his garner in the rugged rock :
Contrasting, doubtless, in repentant mood
The past and present—all the hourly bliss
Of Eden, where he walked in peace with God,—
In free communion with Him as a Friend,—
Surrounded by abundance, as the lord
Of all this lower world ; no thought of care
Intruding on the glad content he knew,
In sweet alliance with the help-meet given
To share his happiness : contrasting these
With hardships, trials, sorrows, pains, fatigues,
That chafe and gall him (as the creeping hours
Come bearing proofs of woful orphanage),
And burn into his soul the consciousness

That God hath hid from him His glorious face.
With evil now the battle must be fought :
Lo, what a change the serpent's wiles have wrought !

THE PROGENY.

A human hive ! Increase and multiply
Was God's command. A century has lapsed.
See children now, and children's children, throng
In that secluded valley, where the flocks
And herds repose at noon, beneath the shade
Of spreading beeches, near a winding stream
That laughs and tumbles on its pebbly way.
On either bank a fertile soil invites
The population of the infant world
Who here have built rude dwellings ; growing
trees
The pillars and the portals, wicker-work
The walls and thin partitions ; conic roofs
Of like material, thatched with ample leaves,
Uprear their modest peaks, which almost touch

The under branches of the giant elms.
The roofs are many, but the house is one.
Each newly-wedded pair, by Adam blessed,
Adds one compartment, discord yet unknown
Or undeveloped in its darker forms.

Reclining in a circle on the grass,
The skin-clad fathers of the world I see
Assembled at their mid-day meal; their wives
With naked infants in their arms; and youths
Of riper age in decent order ranged;
While in the centre with uplifted hands
Their common ancestor gives thanks to God
For all His bounty to the fallen race.
Outspread before them on the verdant lawn
Are various fruits and grains prepared for food.
Abundance of new milk, and water brought
In wooden vessels from the bubbling spring,
Are there to quench their thirst: and woman's hand
Hath garnished the repast with blushing flowers,

All tastefully disposed with careless grace.
The maidens wear around their shining brows,
Some, chaplets of acacia, and some
Gay wreaths of honeysuckle, orange-bloom
And lily-of-the-valley. Lovely forms
Are these fair daughters of the golden age.

Two manly figures in the foreground lie
Of this bright picture. One would hardly think
They could be brothers, so unlike they seem.
The one—broad-shouldered, with herculean frame
And brawny arms, whose muscles like the roots
Of gnarled oaks, half starting from the ground,
Bespeak his sturdy strength—with downcast eyes
And discontent in every feature, frowns
Upon the peaceful beauty of the scene.
The other has a loving, gentle air :
A thoughtful sadness sits upon his brow,
From which the clustering curls of auburn fall
Upon his sunburnt neck. He feeds with milk

A white pet-lamb, while near him, on the ground,
A shepherd's crook, with curious carving rich,
Attracts the gaze of two delighted boys
Scarce old enough to speak. Their dimpled hands
Are on the figures of the beechen staff,
The first achievement of the sculptor's art.

The leafy shadows of the embowering trees
That skirt the river-aspect of their home,
Among the silent groups serenely float.
Say, can it be, the serpent glides unseen,
A cursèd presence in this fair demesne ?

THE MURDER.

'Tis morning on the hills. The ragged clouds
In flying masses herald gathering storm.
A waste of moorland drags its weary length
In spreading ridges, near the slumberous vale
Toward the north. Two altars, reared apart,
Appeal to God. On one a lamb, new slain,

Smokes, half-consumed, upon the flaming brands,
Which brightly burn with heaven-descended fire.
The other, richly crowned with cereal grains,
The fruit of human toil, doth stand unblest,
A stone's-cast from the accepted sacrifice.

Oh, horror ! what lies here, between ? Hide, hide
Thy face, thou glorious sun ! Oh, let the day
Be clothed in blackness ! Let it be for aye
A blot upon the second page of time !
The gentle Abel bleeding—mangled—dead !
The fatal weapon reeking on his breast !
His murderer, his brother, terror-struck,
With now-averted face, and eyes that scour
The dark horizon, wrings his bloody hands
Above the prostrate corse. The turf is red
With clotted gore. The features cold in death,
Though marred and ashy-pale, are beautiful.
The hand of violence hath stained the sod :
The first of human souls hath gone to God.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY ! tremendous word !
 Hath human ear a greater heard ?
 What human heart hath it not stirred ?
 O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! The world is nought,
 And all that by it can be bought,
 Compared with this, not worth a thought.
 O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! The Judgment-day
 Will set thy glories in array,
 And all thy terrors dark display.
 O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! conception vast !
 Embracing all from first to last

That in the mind of God hath passed !

O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! the thrilling sound

Hath searched creation's utmost bound,

In God alone its chord hath found.

O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! When "dust to dust"

Shall test the truth of all my trust

In God, the merciful and just,

O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! Sun, moon, and star,

All things that were, shall be, and are,

To nothing dwindle from afar,

O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! This earthly span,

This handbreadth of an endless plan

Worked out, rolled up, man will be man !

O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! The drops of dew
This world of beauty ever knew,
To count the ages were but few.

O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! Almighty power,
That paints the rainbow on the shower,
Hath blessing for thine every hour.

O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! As ocean sand,
The schemes prepared by God's right hand
To stretch across thine epochs grand.

O Lord, remember me !

Eternity ! Our Christian faith
Foredooms the reign of sin and death,
As devil's work, and devil's breath.

My God, I trust in Thee.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”

Heb. iv. 9.	THEY are gone to rest :
Rev. xiv. 1. Heb. xii. 22.	They are with the blest :
Rev. xxi. 25.	“ There is no night there !”
Job i. 21.	To His will we bow :
Rev. xiv. 13.	They are happy now.
Isa. lx. 19.	“ There is no night there !”
Rev. xxi. 4.	They are freed from pain,
Phil. i. 21.	And to die was gain,
Rev. v. 9.	For the Lamb was slain,
1 Pet. ii. 24.	And their sins He bare :

In His steps they trod,	1 Pet. ii. 21.
While they kissed the rod ;	Ps. cxix. 71, 75.
They have gone to God.	Ps. lxxiii. 24.
“There is no night there !”	
For the Lord is light	Rev. xxi. 23.
In His palace bright :	Rev. xxii. 5.
“There is no night there !”	
He hath loved His own ;	St. John xiii. 1.
They are near the throne :	Rev. vii. 15.
“There is no night there !”	
As the countless sand	Heb. xi. 12, 13.
Is the glorious band	Eph. v. 27.
At the Lord's right hand,	Ps. xvi. 11.
In that land so fair ;	Isa. liv. 11, 12.
Seven Lamps of Fire	Rev. iv. 5.
The hymns inspire	Rom. viii. 9. Rev. xiv. 3.
Of that mighty choir :	Rev. vii. 3. 2 Cor. i. 22.
“There is no night there !”	

Gal. vi. 8. As they sowed, they reap ;
 Rev. vii. 17. They shall never weep.
 " There is no night there ! "

Rev. vii. 9. In their hands are palms ;
 Rev. xv. 3. They are singing psalms.
 " There is no night there ! "

Rev. i. 16.
 Mt. Mat. xlii. 43. With reflected light
 Dan. xii. 3. They are dazzling bright,
 Rev. vii. 9. In the robes of white
 Eph. v. 1. The " dear children " wear ;
 Rom. viii. 17. And, as heirs enrolled
 Rev. xxi. 27. In the Book, behold !
 1 Peter v. 4.
 Rev. iv. 4. They are crowned with gold !
 " There is no night there ! "

Ps. civ. 20.
 1 John ii. 11. There is darkness here ;
 Rom. iii. 19. There is guilt and fear :
 Ps. lv. 5.
 Luke xxi. 26.
 Isa. lx. 20. " There is no night there ! "

For with God they dwell,

Rev. vii. 15.

And in Heaven "all's well !"

Eccles. viii. 12.
Rev. xxi. 4.

" There is no night there !"

They are washed in blood

Rev. vii. 14.

Of the Son of God ;

And affliction's rod

Rev. xxi. 4.

They no longer bear :

They have found release

Heb. ix. 12.

In the land of peace,

Isa. lvii. 2.
Isa. liv. 13.

Where all troubles cease :

Ps. xxv. 22.

" There is no night there !"

O'er the Sea of Glass

Rev. iv. 6.

Blessèd angels pass.

" There is no night there !"

From the throne a river

Rev. xxii. 1.

Flows pure for ever.

" There is no night there !"

Rev. vii. 16.	No cold or heat
Rev. xxi. 21.	On the golden street ;
St. John xiv. 2.	Many mansions meet
James ii. 5. Gal. iv. 7.	For each royal heir :
Rev. v. 10. Rev. xxii. 5.	They are priests and kings
Isa. lxvi. 11. Prov. iii. 85. Ps. lxxxvii. 7. Isa. xxxiii. 21. Rev. vii. 17.	Amid glorious things, By exhaustless springs.
	“ There is no night there ! ”
	They are never weary,
Isa. xxxiii. 24. Isa. xxxv. 10.	Or sick, or dreary.
	“ There is no night there ! ”
Rev. xxii. 3.	But they serve the Lord,
St. John i. 1.	The Eternal Word.
	“ There is no night there ! ”
1 Cor. ii. 9.	Oh ! bliss to be
Rev. xxi. 24.	At that jubilee
Gal. iv. 26. Gal. v. i.	Of the blood-bought free !
Rev. iii. 21.	With our Lord to share,

In a wondrous way,

1 John iii. 2.

His triumphant sway

Rev. xxii. 5.

In eternal day !

Rev. xxi. 25.

“ There is no night there ! ”

BEYOND THE VEIL

I STAND upon a sounding shore.

Before me spreads the solemn sea,
On which, embarked, for evermore
My course must be.

A misty curtain from the sky
Hangs down upon the waters wide ;
And through this haze no mortal eye
Hath yet descried

The ships that sail upon that sea ;
Except the few, divinely gifted,
For whom in days of prophecy
The veil was lifted.

But still I know, beyond the veil,
 Some spirits to my heart most dear
Upon that viewless ocean sail,
 And may be near.

Methinks I sometimes almost hear
 (Although their dust is in the tomb)
Their joyous voices ringing clear
 Athwart the gloom.

THE RETROSPECT.

WHAT have I done for Christ,
Who gave Himself for me ?
Where millions have been stumbling
Upon the mountains dark,
I see the idols crumbling,
And weeping nations humbling
Their souls before the Ark ;
Kneeling at the mercy-seat,
'Neath spreading wings of love,
Learning there at Jesus' feet
The way to joys above.

What have I done for Christ,
Who gave Himself for me ?

The sleeping hosts are waking !
Down in the valley deep
I see the dry bones shaking !
What part have I been taking
To rouse them from their sleep ?
How can Christians longer stand
Idle in the market-place,
While the Vineyard is at hand,
Wet with dews of heavenly grace ?

What have I done for Christ,
Who gave Himself for me ?
While some poor souls are thinking,
As Mirza's bridge they cross,
The many still are sinking
'Mid rioting and drinking :
Oh, what eternal loss !
See ! the trap-doors, one by one,
Let them down into the flood,
Ignorant of God's dear Son,
And the virtue of His blood.

What shall I do for Christ,
Who gave Himself for me ?
From sordid cares He frees us,
Both us and ours He keeps. ,
Our Heavenly Father sees us,
He knows who works for Jesus,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.
Spirit of the Holy One,
Let the Cross my standard be !
Elder Brother ! God the Son !
Thine the victory to be won :
Be it mine to follow Thee !

FORTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

GREAT and glorious is our King,
 With His praise let Zion ring !
 Zion's hill is holy ground,
 Beautiful and far-renowned.

In her palaces alone,
 God is for a refuge known :
 Bright and beautiful they stand,
 Promised joy of every land.

Mighty men against her meet,
 Marvel, hasten, and retreat ;
 Fear and trouble seize them there ;
 Pains pursue them everywhere.

As the ships of Tarshish flee
When Thy tempest sweeps the sea,
Breaking them upon the shore,--
So *they* perish evermore.

We have heard, and we have seen,
Such their dreadful doom *hath* been :
Strength divine our Zion boasts,
Dwelling of the Lord of hosts.

In Thy temple we have thought
Of the wonders Thou hast wrought :
Praise, where'er Thy name is known,
Shall Thy loving-kindness own.

Zion's mount shall now rejoice,
Judah's daughters lift their voice ;
Righteousness in Thy right hand
Rules with judgment every land.

Zion's bulwarks mark ye well ;
Zion's towers in order tell ;

Walk around her walls, and see
Her palaces, how grand they be !

Let your children well be taught
What the Lord for her hath wrought :
God, our Guardian in the past,
Guides His people to the last.

"COMFORTED OF GOD."

WEEP not : God will calm thy fears.

Weep not : He hath seen thy tears.

Wait on Him ; thy loss is gain.

Can one wait on Him in vain ?

Weep not : but uplift thine eyes

To thy Saviour in the skies :

Thou wilt find the Friend indeed

Present help in time of need.

Weep not, lone one ; but be still :

Bend thee to His loving will.

He can feel for all thy grief ;

Look to Him for sweet relief.

Weep not : only trust His love,
While He pleads for thee above :
All the sorrows of thy lot
In His love will be forgot.

Weep not, Christian : never fear ;
Know thy Lord is always near :
Test His promise, watch and pray ;
He will wipe thy tears away.

Weep not : He hath heard thy prayer,
He will lift thy load of care ;
Of thy tears He knows the sum ;
Though He tarry, He will come.

Weep not : all will work for good,
Will ere long be understood :
Praise shall soon be thy employ,
At the harvest-home of joy.

W O R S H I P.

PRAISE to God, our Father-King,

Highest source of every blessing !

Hallelujahs let us sing,

Our unworthiness confessing.

Honour to the Lord be given :

He will us with honour crown.

Let us raise our hearts to Heaven :

He will shower His mercies down.

Like the choristers above,

Let us tune our joyful voices :

Our Creator, God, is love ;

In our homage He rejoices.

For Immanuel's sake, our Father

Offers us, His children, grace :

Shall we spurn it? Let us rather,

Humbled, run to His embrace.

U N I T Y.

WHERE true believers, conscious, meet,
 Their kindling hearts each other greet :
 One loving Lord their Elder Brother,
 They heartily love one another.

The Lord hath left this blessèd rule
 For all disciples in His school,—
 That each shall seek the other's good,
 And all must be a brotherhood.

But true believers sometimes fail
 To recognise, beyond the pale
 Of their select denomination,
 A fellow-heir and blood-relation.

And if they know not one another,—
If brothers thus ignore a brother,
They build their sect, at what a cost !
How much true happiness is lost !

Yet all believers daily meet
In spirit at their Saviour's feet ;
Eternal life in all begun,
In heart and soul they all are one.

All mourn for sin with godly grief,
From sin's dominion seek relief,
And temples pure desire to be
Of the Eternal Trinity.¹

Their souls are all on manna fed,
Immanuel their Living Bread ;
While streams of Living Water cheer
Their pilgrimage and sorrows here.

¹ St. John xiv. 23.

And in the shadow of the Rock,
One Fold contains the "little flock,"
Though under-shepherds subdivide,
Where all might pasture side by side.

One Shepherd, too, is over all,
In large enclosures or in small ;
And not a lamb escapes His eye
Who hears the wanderer's faintest cry.

This unity is real, yea,
It shall endure through endless day,
When blind old Bigotry is rotten,
And all its roaring long forgotten.

Three heads had Cerberus, they tell,
The watch-dog at the gate of hell :
A score to Bigotry are given—
That lion in the way to heaven.

Ay, Orthodoxy's icy breath
Has frozen many a saint to death,

Who, after being in heaven for ages,
Ne'er saw again the rigid sages.

Love all who truly love the Lord ;
Own all who prize His Holy Word ;
And jointly labour to extend
The empire that shall never end.

A S P I R A T I O N .

OUR Father, hear my prayer. Thou art God :
I,— feeble, sinful, poor, short-sighted man.
The stars are looking with a thousand eyes
Upon our lower world ; bright emblems thus
Of Thine omniscience, which doth sound the
depths
Of restless human hearts, as they the waves
That ever heave and swell on ocean's breast.
Lord, make my soul translucent like the sea,
And let the noonday of Thy favour light
Its darkest caverns. Let my heart, renewed,
For ever mirror forth Thine image pure,
As doth a clear and living spring the sun.

FAITH.

BRIGHT, glorious constellations
Emblazoned on the sky,
Like arms on some cathedral roof
Inlaid with heraldry,—
How pure the light they shed on earth
From the lofty arch of heaven :—
Lamps of the universe to guide
Benighted pilgrims given.

All emblems they of truths divine ;
For the few that we can see
Are but parts of the mosaic
On the floor of immensity.
As the glass of the astronomer
Brings hidden systems near,

So Faith discerns a universe
Beyond our mental sphere.

And as the clustering nebulae
Unbosom every star
When the genius of the artist
Allures them from afar ;
So the stronger grows a Christian's faith
The wider its range will be,
And the farther it can soar among
The truths of eternity.

" GONE DOWN !"

NIGHT slumbers on the waters, and the stars
Pour down a quiet light upon its dreams.
The sailor's eye peers through the gloomy void,
And keenly scans the birthplace of the storm.
Bound for his native land, he sings the songs
That linger near the heart—the songs of home ;
And while his voice rings roughly in the shrouds,
The breeze, enlivened by such cheery notes,
Doth sweetly breathe upon the snow-white sails,
And urge his ship across the yielding sea.

The emigrant is tossing in his berth
And musing fondly on his youthful years :
A thousand happy thoughts wing through his soul

Of scenes and joys long past, of friends beloved
 Now left behind for ever : then a tear
 Upon his manly cheek—the tribute warm
 Of strong affection—eloquently tells
 He cannot hope to see their like again.
 The future brightens to his earnest gaze :
 But exile ! ah ! what can indemnify
 For loss of living friends, and all that makes
 Sweet home a refuge for the loving heart,—
 Best earthly refuge, and a type of heaven ?
 Who can unfold the meaning of the sighs,
 Which rise, involuntary, from his breast,
 When winged associations waft him back
 To all his boyhood once delighted in,
 Now severed by a world of envious waves ?
 Yet, in that sea-rocked hammock, all such
 thoughts,
 By golden-fingered fancy deftly touched,
 In pleasing groups assort themselves, and cast
 A tranquillizing beauty round his sleep.

Throughout the crowded vessel, everywhere,—
Above, below, in steerage and saloons,
A solemn stillness reigns, save when a gust
Flies whistling through the cordage, or the watch
With heavy tread makes all the deck resound.
In vain he strives, though with a practised eye,
To pierce the treacherous fog, which thickens fast
And settles down like wool upon the sea.

Hush! hark!—I hear the angry shouts of men!
What train of streaming smoke is that, which
seems

The herald banner of a living mass
Advancing through the darkness, thundering?
A crash! a direful, a terrific crash!
A shriek of tongueless horror rends the air!—
A shriek that by its wildness might arrest
The winds careering through the midnight gloom!
Oh, agony! she sinks! Her living freight,
As in a coffin,—husbands, wives, and babes,

Brothers and sisters (some asleep, the rest
But half-awake), descend—oh, fearful tale!--
To find a sepulchre beyond the range
Of seaman's sounding-line. An eddy curls
Above the spot; then all again is still,—
All, save a shattered steamer's fitful whine,
The only dirge to mourn the parted breath
Of many a manly youth, and many a maiden fair.

CHRISTMAS.

God manifested in the flesh ! a child
Is virgin-born to be a Sacrifice,
Example, Teacher, Intercessor, King ;—
Our human nature joined to God Most High !
Mysterious, marvellous beyond compare !
Not unto kings, or great ones of the earth
Was this announced by heavenly visitant—
Not in the painted halls of mundane pomp
Did shining angels chant their Advent-hymn ;
But, in the field abiding, shepherds watched
Their fleecy flocks by night, on Bethlehem's
plain—
Ah, little did the unlettered rustics dream
Of all the honour destined for them there !—

That they should be remembered for all time—
That, breaking on their silent, lonely watch,
The song of voices wont to echo round
The throne of God (the most inspiring strains
That ever fell on mortal ears) should burst
From out the darkness turned to glorious day,
And fill *their* ears with heavenly harmony !
Yet unto *them* the angel said, “ Fear not :
To you in David’s city, born this day,
A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is come.
Within a manger laid (this is the sign)
Ye there shall find, enwrappt in swaddling clothes,
The Babe Messiah.”—Joyful, blessèd words !—
And unto *them* an angel-multitude,
Confirming straight the message of the first,
Sang “ *Gloria in excelsis !* Peace on earth,
Goodwill to men ! ”—a hymn unheard before.
The message first—a chorus then : the fact
By one proclaimed, interpreted by all !
The shepherds left their flocks upon the plain,

And came with haste, to witness with their eyes
What now their raptured ears had heard from
heaven.

The child they saw : the news they spread abroad :
And all that heard it wondered at the tale.

SURSUM CORDA !

LEGENDS of a golden age
Glow in many a classic page ;
Nations lived in sweet accord
Ere the invention of the sword.

Then a silver age succeeded
When protective laws were needed ;
For, alas ! disputes arose,
Issuing in feuds and blows.

Then the silver age gave way
To oppression's iron sway :
Hostile banners were unfurled,
Weapons bristled round the world.

But the ancient poets sang,
That the warlike trumpet's clang

Should at length for ever cease,
In a golden age of peace.

Echoes here may be discerned
Of some truths from Moses learned,
Echoes floating to the West,
Meaning more than pagans guessed.

Eden saw the age of gold ;
And mankind shall yet behold
More than Eden's bliss restored,
In the kingdom of our Lord.

Sursum corda ! Christ shall come !
Satan shall be chained and dumb :
Glory shall surround the earth,
After nature's second birth !

Once baptized with water, she
Then baptized with fire shall be :
And the saints with God shall dwell
On the world where Adam fell.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

THE threshold of existence !—Nothing more
This handbreadth men call Time. What, but a
step
That leads into the Future, pillared high
On ages stretching far in vistas dim,
And ever-lengthening as the pilgrim-soul
Advances? What, but just a breathing-space
After our birth, that we may look around
And feel our being, note our destiny,
Prepare for what our God designed for us,—
A rich inheritance of joy, outspread
When the Almighty Mechanist hath wound
The horologe, whose dial indicates
The golden cycles of eternity?

Ho ! mortal men ! arouse ! and in the strength
Of Christ shake off the dark delusion forged
In hell, and like a ponderous chain, of iron
Thrown round our world and firmly binding it
To the old serpent's den. Riches ! Renown !
The glittering dust from Fortune's trembling wings
That blinds our nobler nature, and shuts out
From view the living, grand realities
Stamped with the bright broad seal of permanence ;—

The murmuring, low, and momentary hum
Of dying generations as they pass
To where distinctions recognised on earth
All dwindle into nothingness, save one,
And that, alas ! but little thought of now.
Riches ! Renown ! Shall we, who, as it were
An hour ago, began to be, begin
To weave a shroud of curses for our souls
So soon ? God of all grace, enlighten us !
Oh ! let the lying mirror that distorts

Thy truth—the world's opinion—be no more
Consulted. Let the thunder-tramp of woes
That, like an armed band, are marching forth
To seize and overwhelm Thine enemies,
Sound in our ears to terrify, if we
Will not be drawn by tender cords of love.
And, like “a rushing mighty wind” from Heaven,
May Thy good Spirit scatter all the clouds,
That, by enchantment of the Evil One,
Hide from our souls the Sun of Righteousness.

THE LORD'S DAY.

REST returns with Sunday morning.—

Leave the rugged path of care :

“ Come, come, come !” the bells are ringing ;

Weary souls to God are singing ;

Hearts to heaven their way are winging,

Bearing upward fervent prayer.

Rest returns with Sunday morning,—

A peculiar time to pray.

Leave each worldly avocation ;

Think, O think, of thy salvation :

Love and praise, the heart's oblation,

Offer in God's house to-day.

Rest returns with Sunday morning.—

May thy soul a Patmos be !

All thy thoughts to heaven inclining
Royal angels near thee shining,
Darkest clouds with glory lining.....

Christ Immanuel teaching thee !

Rest returns with Sunday morning.--

Journeying to the promised land,
Be thy curtailed soul pervaded
By the Presence !—undegraded
By intruding sins !—and shaded
'Neath the cloudy Pillar grand !

PROPER FOOD.

THE little child complains ;

It knows not what it wants :

At this and that it strains,

It whines, and weeps, and pants.

'Tis hungry, pale, and faint,

And needs its proper food :

No picture art can paint

Will do it any good.

The souls of millions cry,

And groan, and ache, and strain :

To this and that they fly

For happiness, in vain !

They shrivel, starve, and shrink,—

For *souls* must have *their* food ;

Their proper meat and drink

Alone can do them good.

GOD'S WORD AND WORKS.

ALL nature preaches to the listening ear,
With copious eloquence and varied voice ;
Now whispering in the zephyr (audible,
No more), of soft and gentle influence,
That fans the feverish brow of sleepless care ;
Now, in her thunder-tones that shake the world,
Proclaiming power, and a present God,
Whose chariot-wheels are rolling in the clouds,
Whose fiery arrows, winged with ruin, strike
The loftiest roof-trees of His enemies,
And leave but heaps of ashes where they reared
Their proudest pinnacles against the sky.
Then will I hear what God the Lord will speak,
Whether His Spirit breathes through human words,

Inspiring holy men to teach mankind,
Revealing heavenly wisdom by His Son,
Or making nature vocal with His love,
Expressed in tones, or tender or severe.

Ay, what a mighty volume is outspread
Upon the hills and valleys, and the sea !
What heights of Godlike argument are here—
What depths of meaning to the heaven-taught
mind—

What priceless treasures of golden thought,
Instinct with truth and beauty fresh from God !
Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
Doth show forth knowledge, deep, because divine.
Alas ! that we are still so blind and deaf
To all the music of the rolling spheres,
And masterpieces of sublimest art,
Where every touch bespeaks creative skill
Outmatching far the grandest works of man,
As yonder star-bespangled sky transcends

The hills whose near horizon bounds our sight !
O that an *Ephphatha* were now pronounced
O'er every soul that hears no anthem peal
Throughout the ever-changing works of God !
O that His touch, who made the human mind,
Might bless with vision all the inly dark,
And show them what a glorious universe
Of loveliness undreamed of spreads around !
Then would the tiniest flower, and painted wing
Of glittering insect, bring instruction home.

A PARABLE.

I SAW an eagle fly
Far through the upper sky.
The sunshine to its wings
Like its own feathers clings.
The noble bird, so bright,
Is lost in fields of light.

Adown it cleaves the air
Through fleecy clouds and fair.
When will its voyage end ?
Where will the bird descend ?
Hath it an earthly nest,
Where, weary, it may rest ?

Down through the smoke it swoops,
Down to the dust it stoops ;

Behold, a baited snare !
It folds its pinions there.
Ah ! there, as quick as thought,
The heedless bird is caught.

The net with lead is weighted ;
Yet, straining, heavy-freighted,
The bird essays to fly
Again toward the sky.
The effort long is vain ;
The struggle brings but pain.

Alas ! that fatal net,
By crafty hunter set,
Doth clog its wings and feet.
Erewhile so free and fleet,
No longer can it soar
To heaven's open door.

THE PROMISES.

UNCOUNTED gems, all shining bright,
The heavenly highway pave with light :
The glorious way by Christians trod
Glow with the promises of God.

It reaches from the gate of hell
To where the holy angels dwell,
Around the throne of God Most High,
Beyond the stars, beyond the sky.

And brighter, brighter as we go,
The gems in Heaven's own sunshine glow ;
Though all around be dark and drear,
The pilgrim sees his pathway clear.

And singing voices in the air
Are ever making music there,
To cheer the weary, as they climb,
With strains of minstrelsy sublime.

Oh, be it mine that path to tread,
To follow where my Lord hath led :
Then soon to Him my soul shall rise,
And learn the anthems of the skies.

THE SHINING ONES.

IN vain, alas ! in vain
The mental eye we strain
Across the swollen river
(It floweth, not for ever),
The shining ones to see
In immortality.

In happy midnight dreams
Our vision keener seems :
The well-remembered face,
The cherished form we trace.
Sometimes the voice we hear—
A shining one draws near.

And then we hold our breath ;
No gloomy thought of death
With icy chill descends
Estranging bosom friends :
We pant to hear a tale
Of joys within the veil ;—

Of scenes in upper day,
In regions far away,
Removed from mortal sight,
Beyond the glittering night ;—
Of revelations given
To shining ones in heaven.

But now the vision fades,
And melts among the shades
That into Dreamland throng ;
We hear no harp or song ;
The shining one is gone,
The dreamer left alone.

THE MOON.

How beautiful the light
That bathes our wicked world in purity !
Communion with the Night
Uplifts my soul to far futurity ;
And all the baubles of this passing time
Evanish in the fathomless sublime.

How queenly now thy gait,
Presiding spirit of Night's fairest region !
'Tis *shining* makes thee great,
And not thy royal train, a starry legion.
Would that some swaggering magnates here on
earth
Learned this prerogative of real worth !

THE WAVES.

To me this is a joyful day !
I hear your voice, I see your spray :
Two clouded years are gone since we
Last heard your wondrous melody.

I've known you since I was a child,
Familiar are your war-notes wild ;
Familiar, too, your festive strain ;
I'm glad to hear your voice again.

'Tis true this is a foreign shore,
And I may never listen more
To sounds like these, where, as a boy,
My heart with you did leap for joy.

On echoing coasts of every name
Your music-language is the same :

I know the beat of every bar,
In time of peace, or time of war.

And here, where palm-trees guard the strand
And monsters bask upon the sand,
The measured tones delight mine ear,
That erst in Scotland were so dear.

I often think it is a boon
That severed friends behold one moon,—
That when her wrinkled face I view,
My children may be gazing too.

And pleasant is the thought to me,
That, on the shores of one great sea,
We, far apart, can pensive stand,
And hear the same great ocean-band.

And who can tell but ye may be
Now struggling to impart to me
What ye have heard our loved ones say
When they with you kept holiday ?

O that I might return with you
To kiss the beach at Knockandhu,—
To pause beneath old Cromwell's steeple,
And spend one day among my people !

Now truth is surging like a tide
From shore to shore, an ocean wide :
God grant mankind may love her voice,
And in her changeless tones rejoice !

If men loved truth as I love thee,
Translucent, world-embracing sea,
Then what a happy family
All tribes and languages would be !

But truth and error, sea and wind,
In conflict fierce are often joined :
The deep, aroused, in thunder roars,
And tramping billows sweep the shores.

Winds pass away,—the sea remains,
Its grandeur and its power retains :

Till storms return it bides its time,
Then rises in its might, sublime.

Yet onward, onward speeds the day
When blustering error must give way,—
When not a breath shall dare to pass
Across the truth, a sea of glass.

Reflected in that mirror grand,
The New Jerusalem shall stand ;
And angels to the gate shall come
To bid the children welcome home.

MONTE ROSA.

FROM fields of ancient ice

Fresh-mottled with last night's snow,
With glittering mountain-peaks around,
We gazed on the plains below.

Italia, like a map,

Lay open at our feet:
We saw the rivers—bright silver bands—
Upon the greensward meet :

And towns and hamlets shone,

Like models, or children's toys ;
But beating there were manly hearts
With manly griefs and joys.

A strip of mirror glass

Fair Maggiore seemed

Down in the foreground, while beyond
The white Duomo gleamed.

Hill-sides of glacier ice—
Vast, motionless cascades—
Crevasses with their ghostly walls,
Showed blue and white in shades.

Fantastic, nameless shapes,
Out-sculptured from the blocks
Of prismatic water, hugely stacked,
Embrace the threatening rocks.

And Rosa's ermine cloak
Falls loose among the vales,
Her coronation robe, beneath,
In emerald lustre trails.

High-wreathed with feathery clouds,
Her crown no blemish mars ;
By day it is the hiding-place
Of all the dreaming stars.

Like statues, marble-white

With flakes, entranced we stand ;

The silence breaks, the mountain shakes !

Ah ! trembling wonder-land !

Adown its headlong slope

The avalanche is hurled !

With thundering boom, and roar, and crash,

It wakes the Alpine world.

It comes—it comes—it comes !

Are we within its track ?—

Like fifty winters, down it rolls

With a mountain on its back !

The agony is past—

Thank God ! we are alive !

Far down it slides among the pines

Where nothing can survive.

Again ! again ! again !

The loosened rocks descend !

These flying demons in pursuit
Queen Rosa's mantle rend.

The mist and drift are gone ;—
The peaks and walls of ice,
Now calmly smile upon the bloom
Of a startled paradise.

THE DEATH-SONG.

WHAT are the wild waves saying ?”

I heard a maiden sing ;
And her voice rang clear
In a stranger’s ear
On that dewy night in spring.

“ What are the wild waves saying ?”

The tones I remembered long :
But the voice we heard then
We shall ne’er hear again ;
She was singing her own death-song.

“ What are the wild waves saying ?”

She warbled, and went away
To a distant land,
O’er the desert sand,
Where she dreamed what the waves did say.

“ What are the wild waves saying ? ”

She sang on the deep Red Sea :

But the lovely bride

There paled and died ;

And they buried her mournfully .

“ What are the wild waves saying ? ”

I heard her spirit sing

From the coral cave

Where she found a grave,

On a stormy night in spring.

“ Hear what the wild waves are saying ! ”

(I caught the echoing strain)

“ As an angel of light

Thou shalt walk in white

When the King returns to reign.”

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

SOFTLY on my ear the cadence,
As I crossed the threshold, fell,
Softly as the lingering echo
Of a distant vesper-bell.

Ne'er shall I forget the music
Of that sweet, that gentle voice,
Like a strain caught from the angels
When they reverently rejoice.

In her chamber sat a mother,
Bending o'er her sleeping boy
Singing (as she rocked his cradle)
With a kind of trembling joy :—

Praise to God our Heavenly Father,

For His mercies ever new !

Praise to God, our blest Redeemer

Elder Brother, tender, true !

Praise to God, the Holy Spirit !

Dwelling in each faithful heart,

Triune God, be ever with us ;

Make us holy as Thou art !

Keep us in the eternal covenant

Into which we have been born.

May we stand among the righteous

On the resurrection morn !

S. T. C.

UPWARD-STRUGGLING, daring soul !
Thou hast left a mystic scroll,
Mazy, dark, absurd, sublime,—
Brave enigmas for all time.

Thou didst build with giant hand
What thy mighty spirit planned :
Thou didst undermine the walls—
Now, collapsed, the system falls.

In a universe of mind,
All *the actual* left behind,
Broadwinged Reason soared to chase
Thoughts outreaching time and space.

But the proud, adventurous bird,
Poised beyond where Being stirred,

Farther knew not how to steer ;
Why ?—There was no atmosphere !

Thesis and antithesis,
Prothesis and synthesis,
Cloudland idols, found by thee,
Claimed to be the Deity.

To usurping spectres, thou
All thy faculties didst bow :
Nomenclatures came between--
German hierarchies, I ween.

Reason, and philosophy,
Conscience, and theology,
With imagination seem
Blended, in thy darksome dream.

True, thine analytic mind
Shades prismatic hath defined
In each ray of mental light
Piercing the surrounding night.

What avails such subtle skill
Joined to paralytic will,
Vane-like purpose, dim designs,
Dreams of galaxies in mines?

Had thine aim been, Heaven for man,
Love, not pride, had shaped thy plan,—
Zeal to clear all swampy vapours,
Not to light a thousand tapers,

In the presence of the Sun
Whom thy soul appeared to shun,
Choosing darkness for its dwelling,
With Plotinus, Kant, and Schelling.

Fragments of disjointed truth
Gathered in poetic youth,—
Fragments chipped from Revelation,
Welded by imagination,—

These materials thou hast wrought
Into tiers of pagan thought;

Bars of gold in walls of mud,
Powerless to breast the flood,—

Powerless to bridge the tide,
Rushing deep on every side,—
Sin, and guilt, and misery,
Surging to eternity.

Oh, hadst thou been truly wise,—
With the Rock before thine eyes,
Thou hadst based all speculation
On the only sure Foundation !

I O N A.

"ISLE of the waves,"¹ where saints of old unfurled

The banner of the Cross, far in the sea ;
Once worthy of thy fame, "light of the western
world,"

Sunshine to thee !

Nigh thirteen centuries of burdened years

Have sunk into the past, since to thy shore
The good Columba's bark, full fraught with hopes
and fears,
The Gospel bore.

¹ *Iona* or *Ithona*, "the island of the waves."

On this lone spot the saintly father raised
 A simple fane, and worshipped Christ as God ;
And here, while day and night they ever prayed
 and praised,
 His worthies trod.

And from this gem of ocean purest rays
 Of heavenly truth diffused their cheering light
O'er slumbering Caledonia, steeped in darkest
 phase
 Of moral night,

But these grey ruins of a later time,—
 That roofless tower, where pealed St. Mary's
 bell—
What warrior-chieftains heard the monitory
 chime ?
 Ah ! who can tell ?

These old cathedral arches—*who* have knelt
 Between their sculptured columns, there to pour

Their sorrows into God's own ear? and what good
Celt
Thus carved them o'er?

Who built St. Oran's chapel? and who preached
To white-robed nuns of St. Augustine there?
Who reared these noble crosses? Ah! no hint
hath reached
Us, who they were.

Here in his burial-place so quiet and green,
A host of Norway's, Ireland's, Scotland's kings
Have laid their royal dust. But not one name is
seen!
Such change Time brings!

Sweet Icolmkill!¹ star of the western main,
The Church's glorious hymns ring in mine ear,
As if their lofty, solemn, clear, celestial strain
Still lingered here.

¹ *Icolmkill*, "the island of Columba's cell."

O for apostles of Columba's school

To shake these islands from their long, long
sleep !

Large, loving Christian hearts, of gifts and graces
full,

To feed the sheep !

A DREAMLAND BEAUTY.

AH me ! 'twas but a dream !
Such beauty never flashed on open eyes,
Else had they never closed ; but glad surprise
Had lived for ever sparkling in their beam.

Whence came the dear delight ?
And why ? since meteor-like she passed away,
To leave my heart for ever and a day
A guestless chamber walled around with night.

Was ever joy so brief ?
The radiant, queenly, breathing creature streamed
Across my sleep. She knew I only dreamed,
And, coyly smiling, left me dark with grief.

And yet, methinks, I learned
A large experience in that inch of time,

Which ne'er hath linked itself to biped rhyme,
Nor yet by lynx-eyed Reason been discerned.

The truth I cannot tell,
Because 'tis truth outwinging all expression ;
No tongue of man could frame the soft confession,
The syllables of feeling who can spell ?

Such beauty ! such an air !
Angelic ? No ! 'twas glowing flesh and blood :
The vision dazzled, warmed me, like a flood
Of sudden sunshine, but without its glare.

All silently she passed ;
Yet words appeared to tremble on her lips
Just at the very moment of eclipse,
When all my world was into shadow cast.

'Tis idle to repine.
So prates Philosophy, and laughs to scorn
All Dreamland wonders, earth or heaven born---
Be such Philosophy no friend of mine !

Repine ! The soul aspires
With speechless fervour after its ideal,
And asketh what can to it be more real
Than that which concentrates its vague desires.

In lovely woman meet
The choicest harmonies of God's creation—
Whatever warms or charms imagination
To make man's rugged nature *pure and sweet*.

OUT IN THE MONSOON.

BLACK and terrible came the storm
Across the heaving sea,
Howling, raving, and rushing on
With a wild and fearful glee.
The waves were tipped with unearthly fire
As the lightning flashed in heaven :
Our sails were rent and our masts were bent,
And the stately ship was driven.

Now on the crest of the billow tossed,
And now in the trough below,
She reared and plunged, like a strong war-steed
As he dashes upon the foe.
A wall of surf rose to the sky
On the far horizon round ;

And, above the foam, the vaulted dome

With wrinkled horrors frowned.

Onward and on, through the dashing spray,

We scudded before the blast :

Our ragged sails in ribbons streamed

From every boom and mast.

Then Night came down in the track of the
storm,

The waves yawned for their prey,

And long and loud the thunder-cloud

Laughed as it passed away.

THE NECROPOLIS.

PALE moonlight sleeps
On grassy heaps,
Where in their darksome beds,
The young and old,
By Death enrolled,
Have laid their weary heads.

There thousands lie
Beneath the sky
When summer suns are warm :
There, in the cold
And snow-clad mould,
They lie in wintry storm.

And, silent there,
My sister fair
(Bright earthly home forsaken)
Beneath a mound
Of honoured ground
Her lowly place hath taken,

Until the sod,
Upheaved by God,
Shall feel the sudden breath
Of life restored
By Christ the Lord,
Through all the house of Death.

Lord, I believe,
Although I grieve :
Our flower to *us* is dead ;
Yet doth she bloom
Beyond the tomb,
A lily gathered.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A JEWELLER sat at his work one day,
In his hand a precious gem :
Though it looked like a mass of hardened clay,
'Twas designed for a diadem.

The jeweller filed the unsightly stone,
This gem from a sunless mine ;
For a king was to wear it on his throne,
And its hidden light must shine.

And, hour by hour, as the jeweller worked,
Cutting away the crust,
Every ray in the gem that lurked
Was revealed by the diamond-dust.

Moons waned and waxed—a train went by,
A glad triumphal train,
With the gorgeous pomp of royalty,
And the spoils of a long campaign.

A prince was there in his robes of state ;
And I saw in his glittering crown
A gem befitting a potentate
Of old and high renown.

'Tis thus, methought, that our troubles here,
Like the file and the diamond-dust,
But brighten the soul for a higher sphere
Reserved for the pure and just.

Why, Christians, then, do we now repine
At our lot, while corruption clings ?
Like jewels bright we yet shall shine
In the crown of the King of Kings.

H O M E !

BRIGHT, beautiful twin-sister lights !

Kind watchers on a stormy strand,
Ye bid me, from old Cornwall's heights,
Sweet welcome to my native land !

My native land ! O thrilling sound !

Here, gliding through the moonlit foam,
I see Great Britain's southern bound,
My own, my much-loved island home !

The weary days and nights are past ;

To-morrow we may press the shore :
Long years have sped—but now, at last,
I see my native land once more !

Yet—can it be ? Is this a dream ?—

A fresco on some airy dome ?

Are these twin-lights what they seem ?

Am I so near my mountain home ?

It is—it is my native land !—

High theme for minstrel's voice or pen :

And God hath led me by the hand

To greet my Highland hills again !

DECK OF THE "VICTORIA."









